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THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY.

CHAPTER VI.

ANXIOUS INQUIRIES.

THE decision of the law in favour of Sir Algernon Trevillers had also reached the Priory, and was welcomed with that peculiar, calm satisfaction which a man, fully convinced of the justness of his cause, was entitled to feel.

The decision of the court had been conveyed to him by Mr. Davis, his man of business, in whom Sir Algernon placed the utmost confidence, and who had conducted the proceedings for him throughout. His journey down to the Priory had been undertaken, not so much to inform the proprietor of the termination of the business, which would have reached him in other ways, as to impart to him, in confidence, an equally important matter of information.

"Two enactments of great severity had just passed the legislature, touching the "Papists," and well knowing that Sir Algernon and his family had not "conformed," he considered it an act of duty, as well as friendship, to make him cognizant with them without loss of time.

Mr. Davis had been known many years by Sir Algernon, and was held by him in high estimation for his honourable and upright conduct. He had been educated in the new religious opinions of the day, but felt, nevertheless, sincere respect for those who considered it their duty to retain the old ones. And though Sir Algernon could no longer have remained in ignorance of the new statutes, he felt grateful for this mark of Mr. Davis's kind attention, and profitted by the opportunity of his presence at the Priory, to obtain information respecting his position, as "non-conformist," in his own country.

"Tell me at once," said Sir Algernon; as he and Mr. Davis sat together conversing on the subject, "why, I should not consider myself secure in this spot. I scarcely see any one. I interfere with no one. My

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wish is to live in peace with all. And, if called upon, I am ready to devote my services, nay, my life, for the good of my sovereign, and my country. What can I do more?"

"Alas! dear sir," said Mr. Davis, "instead of that security which your imagination has thrown around you, your position, honourable as it may be of itself, is nevertheless, one that is amenable to the laws of your country. Your refusal to conform to the established religion of the state, subjects you, if discovered, to numerous penalties; but, even these were slight in comparison to those which would overwhelm yourself and family, should your brother, the Rev. Francis Trevillers be so ill-advised as to return to these shores, after the late proclamation against the Romish clergy. You must, I entreat you, dear sir, prevent his coming over, as you value his *life* and yours also."

Sir Algernon buried his face in his hands, resting his elbows on his knees, as if absorbed in deep reflection.

"I must again repeat," continued Mr. Davis, "that such an expedition would be fraught with the most imminent danger. If you had witnessed the distressing sight that crossed my path ten days since, you would be convinced of the truth of my apprehensions. The scene was a sad proof of the fearful results of disregarding the late severe penal law."

"Say no more, say no more," said Sir Algernon, rising. "I must, I will prevent his coming. I will write to him this very night; but, alas! will it be of any avail? Will not his noble spirit fling to the winds the sounds of danger, when convinced that he is acting under a sense of religious duty; I will, however, do my best to stop him."

After a few moments' pause, Mr. Davis continued the conversation, by suggesting the strictest caution on the part of Sir Algernon, to keep in ignorance his anomalous position from those around him.

"Tell me candidly," said Sir Algernon, "have you any private reasons for so strongly enforcing this secrecy on my part?"

"I have," replied Mr. Davis, gravely; "I have good reason to know that your future proceedings will be narrowly watched. Indeed, I heard as much from the lips of that young fire-brand, Humphrey Marsdale. Chafed and disappointed at the suit going against him, he incautiously made an observation which could have but one meaning, that of watching the opportunity of detecting, and convicting you as a 'Popish Recusant.'"

"Well!" said Sir Algernon, in a tone of despondency, "let him do his worst, I am ready."

"Nay, dear sir," replied Mr. Davis, "do not say so. It is in your power to prevent him from obtaining that knowledge of your religious sentiments, at which as yet he can have but a shrewd guess. It is impossible he can have any certainty; therefore, let me prevail on you to be on your guard, your ladies also, and all will do well—that is to say, if your rev. brother can be persuaded to remain abroad, which, I trust, your letter of this evening, will succeed in prevailing on him to do."

"Who is the minister of your parish?" continued Mr. Davis.

"A Mr. Treverbyn. A young man of many amiable qualities and much good sense. I know but little of him, but that little is all in his favour."

"And your justices of the peace—have you any in your immediate neighbourhood?"

"Mr. Marsdale is one," replied Sir Algernon, "but I understand his health fails him, and that he seldom acts or takes any part in magisterial duties. There is another, however, called Sandford, a harsh, narrow-minded man who enforces the rigors of the law with an unsparing hand."

"Is he on terms of intimacy with the Marsdale family?"

"From what I understand, he is very much so."

"And on the Sabbath," rejoined Mr. Davis, "what line of proceeding do you follow? Are you occasionally seen at your parish church on that day?"

"No, never," said Sir Algernon, with firmness.

"Has no notice been taken of this unusual absence on your part and that of your family?"

"None, that I know of," rejoined Sir Algernon. "It is likely that many are ignorant whether I am still here, or returned to the continent: or, what is perhaps still more probable, a total indifference to the matter has silenced any reflection on the subject."

"You are fortunate, sir; and I sincerely trust that, for your sake, this indifference may long continue. But you are, no doubt, aware of the twenty-third of Queen Elizabeth, which imposes a heavy fine upon those who wilfully absent themselves from their parish church on Sundays."

"I have heard of such a law," said Sir Algernon, "but I scarcely think it would be put in force."

"My dear sir, you have been away from this country, and do not know the bitter feelings that exist against those who have not 'conformed.' Believe me, I speak the truth, and it is my great regard for yourself and family that makes me thus anxious for your future welfare."

Sir Algernon Trevillers was fully sensible of the kind motives that had induced Mr. Davis to enter into the above details, and frequently expressed his gratitude for the same, promising, for the sake of those most dear to him, to run no unnecessary risks.

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"COME Jennet," said Alice Marsdale, one bright sunny morning, "and make me acquainted with the best way that leads to the sea-shore. You need not hesitate, as your grandmother has given me leave to carry you off."

"Most willingly, dear lady," replied the youthful maiden, throwing down

her garden implements, with which she was trimming Dame Trenchard's roses, and, bounding forward, prepared to act in her new capacity as guide. They had many an intricate path to follow, and many a tangled copse to clear before they gained the summit of the rocky hills that overlooked the sea.

Having safely arrived thus far, they commenced descending, with cautious steps, the rugged footway, formed by nature's hand, till they reached the sands below. Here a wild and romantic scenery presented itself, hitherto unknown to Alice, who stood in astonishment at its solitary grandeur. A long line of smooth beach stretched out before her, hemmed in on the one side by the waves of the sea, and on the other by a range of rocks jutting forward their irregular shapes; sometimes narrowing the shore by their approach, and at others retreating a considerable way from it, covered here and there with scanty foliage; they seemed to frown on the waters beneath them, as bidding them to come so far, and no further.

Here, in this retired spot, did our wanderers proceed for a considerable distance, admiring as they went along the singular solemnity of the place, when the sight of an approaching figure attracted their attention. It was a female, and she was alone. Alice thought it probable that it might be some one known to her, and she hastened onwards. But, on a nearer view, she found she was mistaken. A stranger's countenance met her eye. Her apparel seemed to bespeak a superior class, whilst a certain lofty carriage decided the impression. They looked at each other, as they passed, with an evident degree of curiosity, as if each had been struck with surprise at seeing the other there.

"What a beautiful person!" said Alice, as she stood still to gaze after her. "Who can it be? surely it is not the daughter of my father's late opponent, Sir Algernon Trevillers! what sayest thou, Jennet?"

"It is not unlikely," replied the little maiden, with an arch smile, as if by no means ignorant of who it was. "The Priory is not far from hence, and only hidden from sight by yonder clump of firs; this beach is, no doubt, a pleasant walk for those who live there."

Jennet now drew the attention of Alice to the darkened appearance of the skies, whilst heavy drops of rain portended a coming storm.

"Where shall we take refuge?" cried Alice, looking wistfully around. "You should have bespoken fair weather, my little guide, before you brought me so great a distance from home."

"Oh never fear, dear lady; yonder small hollow in the rock will serve every purpose; it has often done me good service on the like occasions."

Jennet, who was acquainted with every inch of ground round Tregona, was proud of this opportunity of showing her knowledge of a retreat so suitable at the present moment, and lost no time in conducting her young mistress to the spot; when, after a little hesitation, she begged permission to ask the lady who had passed them, to partake of the same shelter; and, scarcely waiting for an answer, hurried off for the purpose.

Jennet soon returned with the handsome stranger, who expressed her thanks for being allowed to share this timely refuge from the storm; and

having done so, she proceeded to say that she bore the name of Trevillers, a name which, she feared, would be little welcome to one bearing that of Marsdale.

"O ! perfectly welcome to me," replied Alice ; "I have often wished we could see each other, but so many circumstances have hitherto stood in the way, that I had given it up as hopeless."

"Your words are full of kindness," said Urcella Trevillers, "and I am thankful for them. I know well the difficulties that have hitherto precluded all chance of our becoming known to each other. Dare I propose that we women should not partake of these family misunderstandings?"

"As far as I am concerned," replied Alice, "I am ever ready to hold out the hand of peace to those who will accept it."

"That is kind and charitable," said Urcella ; "such generous sentiments must tend to do good. The mild words of a sister may sometimes succeed in assuaging the feelings of irritated brothers."

"Brother, not brothers," replied Alice, with a smile, "*one* only deserves your censure. The sound judgment of the elder will, I hope, allay the mistaken zeal of the younger."

"But if the sound judgment of the elder works not in concert with the younger, but leaves him to exercise, unchecked, his thoughtless career, the counteraction your kind heart proposes has no opportunity of working out its good."

"It may be unfortunately the case at this moment, but will not, I trust, last long," replied Alice. "When my brother Gerald returns, he will do all he can to effect a reconciliation between all parties."

"I hope your kind wishes may be realized. I feel confident they will meet with no repulse on our side."

The indignation which Urcella Trevillers felt at the recollection of the manner in which Humphrey Marsdale had more than once conducted himself towards her father betrayed her into greater warmth than she feared was quite courteous, and she begged of Alice to forgive her.

"Forgive you for what?" said the kind-hearted girl. "Your observations do not exceed the truth ; there has been much matter for regret, I know ; but let us no longer dwell upon this painful subject ; let us turn our thoughts to more pleasant things. To begin, tell me how you came to find out who I was, when we never met before?"

"I suppose," said Urcella, "I must owe my powers of recognition to the well-delineated portrait which Mr. Treverbyn gave me the other evening of the amiable Mistress Alice Marsdale, wherein he so well described her sweet expression of countenance that it would have been impossible not to have instantly recognized the original."

"Mr. Treverbyn is very kind," replied Alice, looking pleased at hearing from what quarter the flattering description proceeded. "I fear I do not merit all the civil things he said of me. Do you see him often?"

"Most rarely ; my father has a great esteem for him, and only regrets—" here the speaker hesitated a little, as if she feared she might be drawn to say something she could not recall ; and, changing the subject, inquired

"whether it was the first time Alice had ventured to wander so far from Tregona?"

"It is," said Alice. "I had considered this spot beyond my reach, but I am glad to find I was mistaken. My first essay has been attended also with such an unexpected pleasure that I shall be tempted to try it again. Has this secluded beach any attractions for you?"

"It is my constant and favourite resort. Its proximity and easy access from the Priory make it a great acquisition to those residing there."

Jennet, who had kept watch at the entrance of the little cave, having announced that the storm had rolled off in another direction, the young persons arose, and, taking leave of each other, departed for their separate homes. Thus incidentally commenced an acquaintance which gradually ripened into a sincere and mutual affection; and, though occasionally interrupted by untoward circumstances, they only tended the more to tighten the link that ever after bound these young hearts together.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VISITER.

"NEWS from both brothers on the same day! this is indeed a rare event," said Alice Marsdale, as she seated herself under the shade of a spreading cedar, near the entrance-porch; "which shall I open first? I will take my chance," and chance favoured Humphrey; his letter was accordingly perused first, and its contents ran as follows:

"DEAR SISTER,—Feeling in a mood for writing, I will do what I have not done for some time past, that is, despatch a genuine brotherly epistle. You may imagine that I have seldom time for indulging in this amiable sort of effusions, which, at best, are only fit for the idle pen of women. Do not, therefore, reproach me with former neglects, on this head, as they may only make me sin the more. But, to the point. Before ten days shall have expired you will see me at Tregona. It is my intention to be there for my father's birth-day, which, I hope, will be kept as it always has been done. I intend also bringing with me a friend, for whom I should wish you to get the best room prepared. Now, Alice, mark what I have to say. This friend of mine is named Gorley. He is a young man of high spirit and endless accomplishments; and, moreover, possesses, I am told, a large share of that important ingredient called gold. In short, a being so highly gifted as to be an acquisition to any society into which chance might lead him. I hope you will, then, pay him that attention which is not only due to him as my particular friend, but for his own merits; in fine, let your welcome be such as to convince me that you have my wishes at heart; and, on my arrival, I will enter into further particulars on the subject.

"Read the above to my father, and tell him that I shall expect to find him grown quite robust; mention also to Master Merris, that I have executed his commission, and shall require in return his assistance in some important business which I shall have occasion to transact when in the country.

"HUMPHREY MARSDALE."

"My brother may keep his friend to himself," thought Alice. "I shall have nothing more to say to him beyond what hospitality demands." She then opened the letter from Gerald, which ran as follows :

"DEAR SISTER,—The best refreshment that can fall to the lot of a weary traveller is that of receiving news from his distant home. And, though in my case, that home is one of new associations, still, everything appertaining to it has been pictured so minutely by my dear little Alice, that I already feel I have made acquaintance with the place. The different localities are become almost familiar to me. The avenue of limes, the rocky shore, the ruined chapel, the distant Priory, the good old dame, etc., all pass before me as old acquaintances, and I feel sure I shall not be disappointed when the realities shall present themselves.

"I rejoice to hear that our good father's health continues to feel the benefit of the balmy air of his new abode, and that Master Merris finds amusement and occupation in the inspection of the various repairs. You say little of Humphrey. I trust he has recovered from the defeat of the law-suit. He appears to have taken up the matter in too serious a light. It will not do to contest, and then be unforgiving if you lose; a little time will, I hope, put all things to rights.

"We are approaching towards my father's birth-day. I hope that change of spot will not occasion a change in our old practice of celebrating it as joyfully as we can. I say *we*, because, dear Alice, it is my firm intention to be at Tregona on that day, and, though my arrival will probably be at the eleventh hour, still I am determined to do my utmost to accomplish it. Say nothing of this, my intention, to my father, as, should any occurrence unfortunately delay me, no disappointment would be felt.

"To one, alone, you may impart my secret, and this is, my friend Treverbyn. His many and kind expressions of regard demand from me this early intimation of my return.

"With every feeling of sincere attachment I remain yours,

GERALD MARSDALE."

"A kind thought for every one," said Alice; "how mistaken was his parent when he doubted of his filial affection!" She now arose to meet her father, whom she saw in the distance in company with Mr. Treverbyn and Master Merris. She announced, on reaching them, the receipt of her letters, as also Humphrey's intention of bringing down with him a friend whom he was desirous of making known to his family.

"Write to him, my dear Alice," said Mr. Marsdale, "and tell him, that, next to himself, his friend shall receive my warmest welcome. And thy brother Gerald, what says he?"

"Oh, everything that is kind to you, dear father, and to us all, with the happy intelligence that he is on his way home."

"I am glad of it," replied Mr. Marsdale, "he has made a long absence."

"Permit me," said the old preceptor, "to make some inquiries respecting the young *friend* who is to accompany your brother down to Tregona? Does he give no particulars about him? who he is, and where he comes from? or what attraction draws him down from the gay metropolis at this season of the year? One naturally likes to know a little of such matters before hand."

"Then, I fear," said Alice, smiling, "that you must be disappointed; for all I know on the subject is, that he is my brother's *friend*, and in that character I shall be happy to see him."

"Brother's friends are always welcome, heigh? Mistress Alice."

"So is every one my father chooses to invite," rejoined Alice, a little piqued at old Merris's pertinacity.

"Never mind, dear Alice," said the good-natured father, "we will make our friend Merris find out his history when he comes down, and also write his lineage for our benefit, if he fancies it."

Alice now turned to Mr. Treverbyn, who had been a silent, though not an uninterested listener to the above conversation, and signified to him that she had something to communicate. They lingered behind, when she whispered the secret of Gerald's intended return for the birth-day, a piece of intelligence as joyfully received as imparted.

We will now take leave for the present of the inmates of Tregona, who, from this time forward commenced making preparations for the approaching festival which promised so much pleasure to all parties.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW STEWARD.

At an old oaken table, scattered with books and papers, in a small apartment of the Priory, sat a staid, middle-aged man. His countenance bore a strong resemblance to Sir Algernon Trevillers, except that it did not betray that expression of care and anxiety so conspicuous in the latter.

He was busily engaged in looking over the contents of a small chest, which, from its battered exterior, showed signs of rough and recent travel. During this examination he was interrupted by the entrance of an old domestic, whose white head and honest countenance gave token of long and faithful servitude.

"Can I be of any assistance?" inquired the servant, stooping to raise a book from the floor.

"None, at present, Joseph. All I request is, that you will not forget

my instructions respecting the removal of this chest to the place I named to you."

"It shall be done according to your orders," said the old man, still lingering in the room.

"That is well; and remember also that, as my employer, Sir Algernon Trevillers, will in all probability have frequent business to transact with me, he has placed this apartment entirely at my disposal; and I shall make a point of occupying it the last two days of the week, which arrangement may frequently lead to my staying over the Sunday. Be careful, therefore, that all is kept in readiness for my convenience without further orders; and should any one enquire for Mr. Bailey, the steward, let him be shown in here, and I shall be ready to attend to him."

"Mr. Bailey, the steward?" repeated the old man, fixing his gray eyes on the speaker, as if he doubted whether he had heard correctly.

"Yes, Joseph; Mr. Bailey, the steward. Is there anything extraordinary in this? I am only the successor of him who left some time since. Why should this perplex you? We shall become better acquainted later, and then you will not consider me an unwelcome stranger."

"Unwelcome stranger!" exclaimed the old man, no longer able to resist the evidence of his senses. "Pardon me, my dear master, you are no stranger here. You cannot hide from an old and faithful servant a countenance and voice so long loved and obeyed; many years have gone by since those days, but they are still fresh in my memory."

"You are right, my good Joseph, and may God bless you. I am, in truth, no stranger here. All is indeed most familiar to me in these parts; but the length of time that has elapsed since I was here made me think you could not recognise me. I have essential reasons for making myself known to as few persons as absolutely necessary, in short, to such only who, like yourself, retain some recollection of my person."

"But, my dear master, why was I not made happy with the knowledge that it was you who was coming to occupy this apartment at the Priory?"

"Because, Joseph, I was not quite sure that you would have that interest for me *now* that you so warmly felt in former days."

"And why not, my dear master?"

"The reason is, that we no longer think the same on the most important duties of this life, that you have followed the tide of new doctrines that have overspread the land, and must, therefore, consider me, who am an ecclesiastic of the old faith only as an intruder."

"Oh, say not so, respected sir," replied Joseph, "my opinions are scarcely known to myself. When I lost sight of you and of your good brother, Sir Algernon, I became careless upon religious matters; was told to think no more of that which I had been taught to consider important; so I became confused, bewildered, and ended in giving myself no further trouble one way or the other. But when old age began to overtake me, and put me in mind that ere long I should have to render an account of the service I had proffered my Creator during my long life, it made me feel at times very uncomfortable."

"Well, Joseph," said the Rev. Mr. Trevillers, "we will talk no more of the past, but look forward to a better future, and, with that assurance, I will explain to you my position with regard to my stay at the Priory. You are aware that it is only within the last few days that I have returned to this my native land, with the express purpose of exercising my ministry, as a clergyman of the ancient creed, to those who might wish to avail themselves of it. In doing so I incur a great risk, one that, according to the late statutes,* puts my very life into jeopardy. You see, therefore, how absolutely necessary it is to keep my religious profession a profound secret. I should not wish my brother and his family to be visited with the same sorrows, on my account, as fell upon our house in my father's time. You now understand why I must insist upon your passing me off as Mr. Bailey, the family steward, and, if you render me this assistance, all will go well."

"Don't fear, my dear master—no, no, Mr. Bailey," said the old man, correcting himself, "no word of mine shall betray thee—sooner let me lose the power of speech, or the use of my arm, than, that by want of discretion or courage, I should bring thee into trouble."

"Nobly said," exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Trevillers, shaking him by the hand, and smiling at the energetic manner in which the feeble old man proclaimed his prudence and valour.

Joseph was now dismissed with a heart overflowing with mixed feelings; regret, at his dear master's perilous position, yet pleased with the idea that it was in his humble power to be of such paramount service; whilst the secret imparted to him he felt determined to carry with him to the grave.

Mr. Trevillers, being again left to himself, resumed his occupations till the dusky shades of evening put him in mind that it was time to lay aside his papers and books, and join his brother and family.

Seated together in a large gloomy looking apartment, the conversation turned upon its original use, and upon the other parts of the building they were occupying. Urcella, being curious to hear some details on the subject, requested her father to indulge her.

"This apartment," said Sir Algernon, "was called the *guest-room*, and it was here that strangers were entertained; in fine, the whole of this dilapidated edifice went by the name of the *Out Quarters*; it was entirely detached from the splendid Priory, which stood further down the slope; these *Out-Quarters* were dedicated solely to the benefit of way-worn travellers, to whom hospitality was never denied. During the destruction of the monastery the king's commissioners took up their abode here, which accounts for its having been spared the general crash. The lands were afterwards put up for sale, and my father, disliking beyond all things the idea of seeing a place he had ever held in such veneration fall into the hands of indifferent strangers, became the purchaser. And most anxious was he, in

* No Jesuit or Popish Priest shall come into or be in this Realm on pain of high treason, unless he conform.....

so doing, to bestow on those injured men some remuneration for the losses they had sustained, that they might end their days in comfort; but, with the exception of three or four of their community, they dispersed to distant parts and were no more heard of. Since those days, (now touching sixty years) the ruins of that noble Priory have remained unmolested by human hand; the elements alone contributing, year after year, to finish the work of destruction, till nothing remains now to tell the sad story but the sight before us, a mass of shapeless stones! Never could my father be induced, as you remember well, brother," continued Sir Algernon, turning towards Mr. Trevillers, "to suffer the place to be cleared, and though he left this country, and ended his days in a foreign land, he maintained the same objection to disturb a site so long appropriated to religious purposes."

"The feeling is a natural one," said Mr. Trevillers. "I can well understand that there was something painful in obliterating all signs of a spot so full of cherished recollections. Often have I heard him mention how his father would take him, when a youth, to see the worthy prior, and ask his blessing: and what salutary impressions these visits (awful to him) would make in subduing the wild freaks of his boyish days. And when he grew to manhood how these feelings of awe, were changed to those of admiration at the numerous acts of charity dispensed by these cloistered men. Men, who not only considered it a duty, but a happiness to relieve the indigent by every means in their power, to give counsel to those who sought it, and befriend, without exception, all those who appealed to their benevolence. What must, therefore, my father have felt when, after passing so many years of his life in friendly intercourse with these exemplary beings, he witnessed the crushing results of a royal mandate, suddenly hurled at their heads, like a thunder-bolt, and annihilating their loved Priory for ever?"

"It was a cruel visitation," said Mistress Anne Trevillers, "and may God forgive those who brought it upon them! But to change the subject, let me propose, now that we are together, we say a few words respecting our arrangements for to-morrow, Sunday. Urcella and I have been busied during the day making such preparations for Divine Service as our limited means will permit, but I trust all that is necessary will be found in its place. Our church will not be quite so splendred as those you have just left behind you on the continent, but we have used our utmost endeavours to throw around it as deferential an exterior as the humble place will allow."

"You have no doubt, done all that is required, sister," said the Rev. Francis Trevillers.

"It is a curious circumstance," rejoined Mistress Trevillers, "that the identical cross which we have placed over our little altar, should originally have belonged to the Priory, and only escaped demolition from its being secretly conveyed away by the father of the good woman Trenchard, in whose family it has been carefully preserved from that day to this."

"Then," said Mr. Trevillers, "shall this same treasured symbol of Christianity resume its place, and once more put us in mind, during our devotions, of the great mystery of our redemption?"

"The workmanship it displays is also of rare beauty," said Urcella, "it brings to my mind those wonderful specimens of ivory-carving so frequently seen in foreign churches."

"Are there any fastenings to the doors?" inquired Sir Algernon.

"Yes there are; and every other precaution has been attended to."

"How sad it is," said Sir Algernon, "to be under the necessity of such concealment in a country where, little more than half a century ago, it was its glory to carry out this selfsame worship with the greatest public magnificence."

"Oh! brother," replied the Rev. Mr. Trevillers, "let us not complain; our annoyances are small, indeed, in comparison with those which, at this moment, conscientious men are enduring in different parts of the country."

"True!" said Sir Algernon, thoughtfully.

"At what hour," inquired Mistress Anne Trevillers, "shall we assemble to-morrow? it need be by times, before the world is stirring."

"Certainly," said Sir Algernon; and as our congregation does not extend beyond those already within our walls we will name the early hour of five."

These preliminary arrangements being finally agreed upon, the parties separated for the night.

Before we take leave of the Priory, we will place before the reader the scene that presented itself on the following cheerless morning, and for which the preparations alluded to in the preceeding day had been made.

In a low dark attic, with doors locked and windows screened were gathered together, on bended knees, the family and household of Sir Algernon Trevillers; whilst he, whose ancestors had contributed to raise those noble cathedrals that adorned his country, might now be seen bowed down in the midst of his faithful dependants, with feelings of submission to the change of the times, and joyfully embracing this humble alternative, whereby he was enabled to afford those about him the happiness of joining once more in the expression of their much loved ancient creed. Two altar lights threw their feeble rays over the fervent group, bringing into relief those figures which the darkness of the morning had kept in shadow; and, to complete the interest of the picture, appeared the officiating clergyman, also a cherished member of the family, who, at the risk of his life, was endeavouring to instil that spiritual comfort which his religion knew so well how to impart, and thus not only did he pour out his soul in solemn prayer for those most dear to him, but for his sovereign and his country, the avowed enemies of his revered faith.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOURS IN THE HALL.

BY F. T. P.

THERE is not a place in the British Empire in which a closer observation of human nature, in its most varied aspects, may be had, than in the Hall of the Four Courts, Dublin, from the commencement of the term until the *nisi prius* lists are nearly exhausted. Countenances radiant with joy, denote the finished suit, the ample decree or the sweeping verdict, and you have only to turn your eyes upon another face to be convinced that ruin and despair have grasped a victim. In the crowd before you, very few are moving. A silk gown may hastily rustle past you, or a bland attorney may "beg pardon" as he jostles you on his way to mark judgment, but the great majority are stationary. Here are some newly-bewigged juniors consulting their note-books as to the entries for the Punchestown cup. Here are two or three who have "done the Rhine" in the previous vacation, describing scenery with which *they* cannot compare Killarney, never having seen the latter. Here is a group of barristers, each of whom is of ten years' standing. They are engaged in unanimously condemning the appointment last made of an assistant-barrister; their criticism is most disinterested, for not one of them would have accepted the office if it had been offered to him, but each of them silently resolves to ask for the next. Then there are groups of the most miscellaneous character, professional, literary, and commercial, with a country gentleman or two waiting for sales in the Landed Estates' Court, and shuddering at the suggested probability of the coveted lot going to a thirty-seven years' purchase. There are numerous professors of what (we wish not to be irreverent), but we have no other term for their qualification, but omniscience. The issue of the American contest is as plain as daylight to them. They can pronounce with certainty on the question of war or peace between England and the United States. They know the nature and certain results of all the deliberations of all the European Cabinets. They know the exact time and the consequences of an approaching ministerial crisis. They are perfectly aware of the precise amount of distrust with which the opposition regard Mr. Disraeli or Lord Stanley. They announce the positive certainty that Lefroy is to resign next week, and that Monahan is to move into the Queen's Bench; that Blackburne offered to resign the Judgeship of Appeal provided Brewster got the place, and that he himself got a peerage. They can tell to the penny the sum of money paid by one judge to another, his predecessor, to induce his resignation; how much each retiring assistant-barrister, received from his successor for making the vacancy. If you have a relish for

facts unadulterated by the slightest admixture of fiction, or even improbability, the hall is your ground. It will be your own fault if you remain ignorant who was the "man in the iron mask," and you will be completely enlightened as to the authorship of Junius's letters. You can be fully informed as to the comparative measurements of Noah's ark and the Great Eastern, and, in addition to the unquestionable personal veracity of your instructor, you will have the satisfaction of acquiring knowledge within the precincts of a structure dedicated to Truth, and adorned by her statue.

But busy Memory evokes, from one who has frequented the hall for nearly forty years, recollections of a sombre character. If there are "sermons in stones," the flags of the Four Courts are not the least interesting of the silent preachers. They have witnessed the successful struggles of persevering genius, and the failures of timidity, arrogance, or indolence. They have been paced by men honest only in the avowal of their venality, and who were worthy of being remembered for no quality except the ingenuity with which they ascribed to others motives and designs debasing as their own. There are but few who recollect the Irish Bench when it was occupied by men, the great majority of whom had attained their positions by positive bargains for their votes in favour of the Union, totally irrespective of legal attainments or professional character. They have passed away, as have also a vast number of barristers, who received rewards minor in rank, but great in emoluments, for their political venality. But even in the worst times of public corruption and unconstitutional oppression, there were men who might well constitute a nation's pride to be found in the Hall of our Courts—Curran, Plunket, Bushe, Goold, Wallace, Burrowes, O'Connell, Sheil, O'Loughlen, Woulfe, North, Holmes were, within the writer's memory, practising at the Irish bar, and it is very doubtful that Westminster Hall could at any one period, since the commencement of English judicature, display twelve such men; and it is worthy of deep consideration on the part of the rising aspirants to forensic position and emolument, that those great predecessors made their way to rank and fortune, in times of unexampled venality, without a moral taint or stain upon their exalted reputation. In their achievements, there is vast encouragement for those of the present time, whose aims are high and who would attain distinction by the exercise of intellectual qualities, unawed by power and unseduced by corruption.

But we shall not continue our "sermon," neither shall we interfere with any of the present celebrities of the hall, nor institute comparisons with their predecessors, except to remark, that there may be as much learning and eloquence at present as in former times, but, undoubtedly, there is not as much conversational intercourse amongst the professional men of eminence, or even of respectable standing. Perhaps there is more competition or greater difficulty to be encountered, and an attention to business absorbs the time formerly spent unprofitably, it must be admitted, but very agreeably. The ringing burst of laughter, so frequent in former days, is now seldom heard, and there are no peculiar or eccentric characters such as John Parsons, or

Tom Goold, or even Isaac Burke Bethel to be found, ever ready to afford subjects of laughter with them or at them. Benevolence is never manifested on such a liberal scale as it was by Parsons, who, when solicited for a shilling "to bury a poor attorney," tendered a pound-note to the applicant with the direction, "Here, go and bury twenty of them." There is now no assertor of his own pre-eminence in everything, as Tom Goold, who, if he was still living, would deny that Blondin could walk a rope, or Rarey tame a furious horse better than himself, and who, when the cholera first visited Dublin, maintained that he had it worse than Lady B., and when he was reminded that the lady had died, rejoined with, "By—, I could have died too, if I chose." No one now insists, as Bethel did, that he possesses the greatest *literary curiosity* extant, and produces, in proof of his assertion, a receipt for his last half-year's rent. No one now, like Bethel, accounts for being late at court by gravely stating that he rode Blucher, his pony, from Harcourt-street, and that a tempting cart of hay having interrupted his progress, he allowed Blucher to walk behind it for half an hour, as a compensation for his night's fast. When Bethel sold Blucher he openly avowed that he parted with his horse very reluctantly; then becoming classical, he would hint at "*res augusta domi*," and remark that the pony ought, like Caligula's horse, to obtain speedy promotion, for he had been sold to a clerk of the crown, who used him in his tax-cart, and Blucher, at each assizes, was *drawing more indictments* than any man at the Bar. Poor Bethel! how naively he related his interview with Wellington at the Horse Guards! "I went to his levee, and introduced myself as an Irish barrister, and a leading member of the Corporation of Shoe-makers in Dublin. I added that he had obtained the freedom of our guild on my motion, and taking him by the button, I suggested that if any little office turned up I counted on his interest for a brother of his own corporation. The fellow turned his back upon me, rang the bell, and directed the attendant to turn me down stairs. He treated me worse than he did Napoleon or Ney, but history will do us justice."

Many of the present time may recollect an old barrister of great legal erudition, who had an unlimited store of anecdotes, which he dispensed very freely to his acquaintance, and who used to mark the period of each narration by referring to some phase of his own life, such as "I recollect when I was a strolling player at Colchester," or "I ran away from home when I was about eighteen years of age, and enlisted in the Buffs." Presently he would commence a story "When I was a medical student at Steevens's Hospital." But he frequently began a reminiscence with "When I was curate of St. Catherine's parish, a short time before I was suspended by the Archbishop." One day he was sitting in a court in which a right honourable baronet presided, who had not the highest character for amenity of temper, or courtesy of deportment. The registrar was reading a declaration of trust which had been referred to in the proceeding then before the court. A junior addressed some whispered observations to an old barrister who made no reply, but remained steadily looking at the bench until the

document was read through. He then retired, and, in a few minutes after, being in the hall, he apologized to the junior for his apparent inattention to the observation which had been whispered in court. "You might," said he, "have noticed that the name of the trustee was the same as that of the judge, and if he had seen me communicating with any one near me he would at once conclude I was telling that the trustee, who was house-steward to Colonel Clements, was also the judge's father, and I should never be forgiven the supposition of having disclosed his ignoble paternity." Having thus excited the curiosity of three or four auditors, he proceeded in his details, prefacing them by some histrionic, medical, military, or clerical reference as to times. The Right Honourable Colonel Clements was chief secretary, and Lord Townshend was the Lord Lieutenant. His vice-royalty was only a few weeks from its commencement, when, being of a robust frame and active habits, he began to take early walks in the Phoenix Park, plainly but neatly attired. In one of those matutinal strolls he recollected that some affair was pending on which a *tele-a-tete* with the chief secretary was desirable. He accordingly turned his steps towards the official residence of that functionary, and on approaching the house observed a person of respectable appearance leaning against the side of the open door, enjoying "the wild freshness of morning," enhanced by the perfumes of an adjacent *parterre*. This individual was first to speak, observing to the visiter that he was early a-foot, and with the adage of "the early bird," etc., went on to remark that he was first in the field. His lordship perceived that there was some mistake, and determined not to undeceive the other. He merely remarked that business ought to be attended to at once, to which there was a ready assent. He was then made aware that there was a vacancy for a footman in the establishment, but that her ladyship made it a rule to see the candidates for her service, and to investigate their discharges. His informant proceeded, "I am the house-steward, and have to attend her every morning when she has breakfasted, but you will have to wait some time, for she is not come down stairs yet."

"You have not breakfasted?" observed the steward.

"No, indeed," replied the other.

"Come into the steward's room with me, and you shall have a good breakfast, and by the time it is over she will be stirring."

In the steward's room, accordingly, a plentiful breakfast of the best materials was given, whilst occasional questions were asked and answered.

"You have lived in good families, I suppose?"

"In some of the first families in England; but I have not my discharges about me."

"Well, if the discharges are all right, you can easily bring them; I think she would prefer an English footman."

The meal and conversation lasted some time. At length her ladyship's bell summoned the steward, who, stating that he would do his best for the candidate, proceeded up stairs. He soon returned.

"She is in a delightful humour this morning, I suppose it is on account

of winning at cards last night. I said everything I could for you, and, although she wishes you had brought the discharges, you are to come up with me at once."

Her ladyship was in the library. On approaching the apartment, the steward touched the elbow of the candidate, whispering to keep up his heart and not to be abashed, for he was sure to succeed, and, with these words of encouragement they entered.

"His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant!" exclaimed her ladyship, with the utmost astonishment.

The steward dropped on his knees, declaring, in utter prostration of spirit, his expectation of being immediately hanged.

Lord Townshend raised him, and then informed her ladyship of the kind reception he had experienced under the mistaken idea that he was seeking admission to her service as a footman. The incident was laughable, and merriment was freely indulged. His Lordship then accosted the steward. "You thought I wanted a friend, and you became a kind and warm one to me. You supposed that I needed assistance to procure a good situation, and you aided me to your utmost power. It will be to me a most agreeable duty to reciprocate the generous treatment which I have experienced at your hands."

In a short time the steward was filling a very lucrative public situation in the south of Ireland. He had three sons whose education he committed to the most competent instructors. Before his own earthly existence terminated, two of them were wearing the uniform of field-officers, and the third had attained to the coif of a sergeant-at-law, and subsequently became the judicial character, whose suspicious disposition prevented the old barrister from holding conversation with his junior in court, and produced, this narrative, in reference to the judge's paternity, as soon as he felt himself at full liberty to detail his reminiscences, in the HALL.

THREE TIMES.*

In the days of the Paschal season, the beautiful Easter time,
When the cowslip lights in the dark, damp grass, and the heats of the
summer clime

Are meshed in the long-flowered lilac; when the rich laburnum wakes
A million fires in its boughs that call to the blossomed furze o' the brakes,
Our darling to earth was given. She came with the redbreast's note,
When the robin's bosom is damasked, and the wind-blown swallows float
All day o'er the meres of the inland. She came, and we thanked our God,
For the sense of a holier rest fell round the threshold of our abode.

* The writer wishes to protect himself from a charge of irregularity, by stating that the differences in quality and accentuation which occur in those lines are intentional, not accidental. The purport of the variations, he fondly presumes, is obvious.

She stretched to the sun her happy hands, dimpled in pink and white,
And her laugh was blithe as the voice that rings twixt the dark and the
morning light,

When the larks are lost up in heaven. And day after day she grew,
Till the wee, bright bud of infancy to the flower of girlhood blew ;
Ah ! happy times, when at noon she chased in the gardens the butterflies,
As they turned to the sun their soft wings stained with crimson and amber dyes,
Or chirruped back to the goldfinch, swung on a purple spray
Of the mezerone, as amid the flowers of the dial-plot she lay.

I know not why, but I often thought I saw in our Helen's eyes
Dawn-like breaks of the dreamfulness of an inner paradise,—
Some sweet thought shadowed across her soul—a moment lit in her brain,
Leaving behind an after-pause of passionate bliss and pain,
For she lived upon sunlike-fancies—said that the stars i' the air
Were God's own angels who watched the world for ever and ever there ;
That the moon was the olden Eden ; and the blaze of the evening west
The golden city where God's beloved for ever and aye found rest.

There is a voice in the white-leaved-limes, like the hum of a meadow brook,
Low on the grass of the lawn, there shake the leaves of an open book ;
And I hear sweet gusts of laughter ; our Helen is laughing and singing,
Above her head, in the blue-crisp air, the sycamore bells are ringing.
Sing on, sing on, for heaven flees past and the clouds shall soon dislimn,
And there lieth beyond their tender haze a land where the days are dim,
Where the richest fruit holds ashes of comprehended truth,
Whose sun is the glimmering gleam that falls from the peaks of the hills of
youth.

Home from the wide, wild world—home, to us back again
Our darling Helen has come, and sits by the southern window pane,
Thence looks she o'er leagues of pasture and girdles of chesnut woods,
And merry parklands from which there breaks the flash of approaching floods.
She sighs and says she is happy, and sighing, in silence, turns
Till the maiden rose of her dimpled cheek with the blush of a first love burns.
Hark ! 'tis a step on the garden path, O exquisite toned ear,
Whose sense prefigured the footfalls ere they themselves were here.

He is seated beside her—beside my hope and my pride,
The casement in twain lies open—O Truth, in the world outside,
Know'st thou one fairer or sweeter, brighter or better than she,
Whose slender fingers are tangled in the dark-oak rosary ?
Watch how the wind o' the orchard ruffles her yellow hair,
Till the tender rim of her gentle ear to her lover's eye lies bare—
Till the fair abstraction that lurketh like moonlight on her face
Breaks at its touch and beareth some still diviner grace.

She will leave us, ere April is back with its rainy charm,
 To rest her head on another breast—to lean on another arm :
 For thus the great world slideth, and its thick mutations range,
 From cycle to epicycle, through all the circles of change
 God bless her where'er she goeth, my darling, my idol-child ;
 As a dove in the clefts of the mountains, her way be undefiled,
 Happy be she as the singer who rose in the morning's calms,
 To meet her soul in the garden, mid myrrh-blooms, aloes, and palms.

There comes from the woodland chapel the tremulous sounds of bells,
 For the silver-throated steeple's a-reel ; and the hearts of the mighty dells
 O'erflow with myriad echoes ; the deep bell-music grows
 As forth, from her home in the lilacs, the bride to the bridal goes.
 Shine out, O Day, from the forest of clouds, where thou liest hoar,
 Spread her a mile of sun twixt this and the holy door.
 Haste up, O happy Summer, from tropic darkness and heat,
 That thy lilies may mix with the violets, and be blessed by her virgin feet.

Night over winter land and sea, and the dark is planet-proof,
 Nought doth shine save the frozen snow that clings to the peaked roof—
 Nought doth shine save the windows three, above the weary lawn,
 And the white, white face of the dead that looks patiently towards the
 dawn.

A thin hand laid on a pulseless heart in the quiet of the room,
 Feet that come and steps that go—low whispers in the gloom—
 A smoke-stained lamp that swings and flares in the gusty corridor,
 And haggard eyes that wait yet fear the black plumes at the door

On the outposts of the morning, 'twixt the beatings of the clock ;
 Far below the barren moorland, blithely crows the red manse cock.
 Lo ! the window panes grow yellow for the falling snow has ceased,
 And an atmosphere of saffron floods the spaces of the east.
 Give me peace, and leave me darkness ; I am tired of the sun,
 I am sick of moon and daylight, time and clime, for she has gone ;
 Inward to the land of silence—inward to the darksome land,
 Bearing palms of holy patience in the hollows of her hand.

Yesterday, and she was with us, watching us with glassy eyes,
 In whose glare I knew returned old dream-thoughts of Paradise.
 Low and sweet she spake of Spring-time, when the brooks should run again,
 And the cowslip and the wild thyme waken to the fruitful rain.
 "Look !" she said, "I see the Summer"—and she raised her head and
 gazed

On the casement where the glory of a brazen sunset blazed—
 Caught her heart, and murmured something, in the faintness of her breath.
 Some sweet words, alas ! delivered only in the ear of Death.

Dear one, in whatever heaven thy meek soul hath found abode—
 Think of us, who linger distant from the presence of our God.
 Unto earth we give thine ashes, blessed with solemn song and rite,
 Knowing, trusting they shall blossom, when the solid roof of night
 Shall roll backward into chaos. Hark! it is the morning bell,—
 Pallid lips and closed eyelids—dearest, sweetest love, farewell.
 Night is past, the hateful daylight crawls across the chamber floor;
 God sustain me—God uphold me—the black plumes are at the door!

HOMER IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

MADAME DE STAEL has said that the Germans think too deeply on every thing. Did she mean that they think "not wisely but too well?" If so, her curt remark, without alluding to politics or iron-plated ships, is as applicable to the English thinkers and writers of the present day as it was sixty years ago to the Germans: for there never was a time when the English mind (and in that we must also include the Irish) was more deliberately bent on æsthetic enquiry than the present, and yet, in no age, was the productive faculty of genius more mediocre in its results. Our poets, either influenced by the conflict of opinion and the diversity of tastes, occasioned by the accumulation of knowledge, have been diverted from the study of the great monuments of poetic art and thrown too much on their own resources; or, despairing of being able to oppose the popular prejudice, have forgotten their traditions and gone on too much with the age. We are manifestly in a state of transition; too much knowledge has confounded us:

"With this regard the currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action."

It is not the defect of the present generation that our wit does not keep pace with our eloquence, as was asserted of Rome's most daring conspirator, but that it does not keep pace with our knowledge. Our motto is not "*satis eloquentiæ sapientiæ parum*"; it would be more appropriate to say that we have more learning than either our wit or eloquence is able to turn to good account.

The river which so long received tributaries has become enormously swollen towards the sea, so that the ocean itself is not able to contain the accumulated mass. We have received the knowledge of all ages and know not how to dispose of it, and perhaps the world will soon look forward to another Omar, to burn again the Alexandrian library for the refreshment of the human mind. We are grown stale in knowledge—men of profound research, great compilers, great critics, worshippers of nature, great liars. We worship nature amiss and are therefore foul idolaters. We have forgotten that the contemplation of nature, in its relation to poetry, is the con-

temptation of the Creator, or of the human mind in its connexion with outward and visible things; that mountains and woods, oceans, rivers, rocks, fountains, and flowers, ought to appear in poetry as the imagination and feeling would have them; not as the photographer would represent them, and that description, with all its imagery and ornament, is but a branch of rhetoric. Raw material is not poetry; action, human character, and, above all, elevated sentiment, constitute its essence. These are the grand motives of all true poetry, and for these, still-life, if not deeply imbued with the feeling and *ideal* of the author, or highly personified, will form but a barren substitute. But a people who have amassed wealth and have made all their possible conquests, prefer the pleasures of bodily comfort to those of the imagination, and look with greater complacency from their proud elevation, on the genial description of harmless things than on the hardy enterprises of undomestic heroes. The young, ambitious heart is no longer there; such a people cannot relish Homer, but will seek the sweet retiring evergreen face of nature, (in the admiration of which they complain that the old man of Chios was deficient,) for they dislike the rough encounter with men. To a people so constituted a blade of grass is an object of greater interest, (even without attempting to trace in it the wisdom of the Great Designer,) than the wrath of Achilles or the dangerous spear of a Talamonion Ajax.

It is a sad truth that the times for reading Homer are gone by; they may return, but we living men have renounced the epic poem, together with its critics and admirers, and all that world of thought, feeling, poetic expression, and method, whether classic or romantic, from the wrath of Achilles to the concluding apostrophe in the fourth canto of Childe Harold. Our critics do not care to know that the most poetic ideas, even though clothed in the most appropriate diction and embellished with harmonious verse, if without order or relation to some main designs, are but waifs and strays.

We turn our backs on Homer and all the world of classicism. We have abandoned the epithets and combinations of our predecessors, but we have substituted, by way of improvement, sometimes a dry and stony rhetoric, which affects not to range beyond the Teutonic domain of the language; sometimes an admixture of the *Reading Made Easy* with the most licentious derivations from the Greek and Latin; and sometimes, in moments of inspiration, we pay such little regard to the truth of our philosophy and oracular dogmas, or even to an intelligible mode of expression, that it is to be feared the time is not far distant when a professed poet will not be expected to be a man of common sense! The form of the epic poem is now become pedantic, its characters, sentiments, rules, and eloquence are out of fashion. Be it so: but that there must ever be rules, method, and form in every department of literature, particularly poetry, is admitted by reasonable men. Why, then, reject the rich gifts which a strong understanding conferred on the subtle men of old? It would be narrow-minded and bigotted, indeed, to attempt to shackle genius by subjecting it at all times to the laws of the ancients; but why reject those laws altogether? why rebel

against a constitution which has sprung from the deep reasoning power of man, and which has been admired by almost all the wise and learned of the human race?

We do not class the author of "*Festus*" amongst the *realists*; but the man who reads *Festus* apprehends in one view the greatness and weakness of the present age. We are striving to transform ourselves into something which we suppose we ought to be; we think more greatly and more rashly than our forefathers; but "in our aspirations to be great" we are more intent on some theory of the beauty and harmony of the real objects which surround us, than on the harmonious development of the poetic work which we propose to execute. In the rage for novelty the human mind has been ransacked in search of new forms and images; but the sources of thought have been too much agitated, and the current of poetic wit runs muddy. In the fury of reformation, the shrine of the Muses has been profaned, and the grave council of their worthy high-priest, the Stagyrice, if at all remembered, zealously and unmeaningly protested against. Authority is reviled; and, as a matter of course, the ignorant have constituted themselves the judges. In a multitude of cases the low-bred, narrow-minded man becomes the critic, or an influential portion of the audience.

Little did John Keats, Leigh Hunt, Shelly, Wordsworth, and Robert Burns think, that when breaking down old and tyrannical prejudices, and creating a taste for new and varied subjects and novelty of style, they were narrowing the sphere of poesy. "Roused up to too much wrath," they exploded many useful poetic institutions, and imposed on their successors, an inferior race, the necessity of straining after originality by heaping together broken and mixed metaphors, by forced and unnatural description, or by a boorish propensity for mean and homely ideas, expressed in a cold, artificial style, at once colloquial and elaborate. We are become Dutchmen in literature. The Cockney must have his well-described cane-bottomed chair, his honey-suckle, and his green grass; the nationalist his rustic ballad, and both their "Times' correspondent's" narration of past events. The eloquent, the pathetic, the sublime have gone into exile, or have degenerated into metaphysical extravagance. Novelty of style, at any cost, is the order of the day; and, therefore, Carlyle writes slang-wise, and Lord Macaulay scoffs at the dignity of history. Do we require a translation of Homer? We must first degrade, before we can rightly appreciate the blind Mæonides. Our authors believe that "there is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." They suffer themselves to be buffeted to the front that they may appear to be the leaders, thinking, with Julius Cæsar, that "it is better to be first in a little village than second at Rome."

It is true enough that we must believe in some kind of progress; the same kind of genius will not suit every age. The puritanical Latin secretary of Oliver Cromwell, if now living, would have no defence to write and no *Salmasius* to kill; nor, perhaps, would the spirit of the age ever have suggested to him the conjuring up of his enchanted vision of a "*Paradise Lost or Regained*;" and the poor victim and flatterer of the house of Este,

had his existence been deferred so late in time, would now, in all probability, be too hot-headed in Italian politics to indulge in his epic and romantic dream of a "*Jerusalem Delivered*;" and the Heavenly Muse had never borne testimony to the chivalry or wisdom of a Rinaldo or a Godfrey. Even the terrible "*Inferno*" of the wrathful Dante Alighieri would now be but a sour satire. Genius, in order to be successful and influential, must, to a certain extent, conform to the manners and opinions of the age. The pompous tautologies and pedantic refinements of the times of the Restoration and Queen Anne, would ill suit the matter-of-fact temperament of the present day; so that we must admit, that the one translation of Homer, even were its author "himself the great sublime he draws," cannot possibly be satisfactory to the taste and poetic feeling of every age. If it is difficult for even Homer himself to keep his place amid the whims of the world, it is truly impossible for his translators to do so amid the wayward capriciousness of modern language.

These florid appendages to the great original will ever have their spring, their summer, and their autumn, and then, in due season, they must wither and fall off, leaving the everlasting oak to be viewed again in his naked and stern proportions. Making all due allowance for change of taste and opinion, it must, however, be confessed that there are certain governing laws imposed by nature on many branches of human wit, which are, to some extent, accessaries to the final cause, and which, having been found true in the beginning, can never be altered. The man who writes history, without naturally adopting the dignified style of a deep thinker and a grave instructor, may be an entertaining author, but is no great historian; and the man who writes poetry, without a due respect for the understanding and the laws of art, who despises verse, or who insists on *picture-writing* and microscopic minuteness, metaphysics, and cold colloquial diction, in preference to elevated sentiment invested with eloquence and the comely artifices of versification; or who, with the Dutch painters, will represent objects as they really are rather than as the imagination would have them appear, such a man may write an agreeable book, but he is no great poet. The translator of Homer, who prides himself on finding new and curious interpretations of words and adapting them to a metre which was never before heard in the English tongue, and who, from a keen sense of propriety, puts phrases into the mouth of Homer or his characters, which degrade them by a clownish simplicity, totally opposite to the genius of antiquity, and who, after all his sagacious endeavours, cannot boast of rendering a single striking passage better than his predecessors, such a man may be a good grammarian, or even an archæologist if you will, but he is a bad translator of Homer.

An attempt has been made of late, perfectly in keeping with the experimental spirit of the age, to persuade the public into the belief that the author of the *Illiad* was in some sort a ballad-poet, and that, in translating his immortal epopee into English, care should be taken to select such words and metre as would help to preserve the ballad qualities of his muse. Who knows but the London decorators are also entering on a process of

investigation to prove that Michael Angelo was a sign-painter as well as a fresco-painter, sculptor, poet, and architect? That Homer was a story-teller is true—and a sublime one; but if a ballad-poet, he was so different from what we now understand by that appellative, that he might with equal propriety be termed a tragedian, or comedian, or a lyric, amorous, elegiac, satiric, or didactic poet, and might be translated accordingly. One thing, at all events, ought to be kept in mind, that the national, or epic, poetry of old Greece admitted of no vulgarity; or that doggerel and vulgar verse was never elevated to the dignity of literature. The apotheosis of the barren ruggedness, and painful inability of the human mind, in its natural or illiterate state, has been reserved for the latter half of the nineteenth century. To prove the prince of poets, a primitive Zozymus of an eastern imagination, would be the noblest triumph of modern discovery. It has been found that the grand old story-teller composed, without the aid of writing materials; that he recited his heroic effusions in detached pieces, from the palace of one prince to that of another, that in after times they were delivered in public, for the purpose of inciting youth to the love of glory; that he sometimes delivers himself in a more popular or familiar style, and that certain books might be abstracted from the *Illiad* without detriment to the action of the poem. Notwithstanding these important discoveries, in order to present Homer in a guise, bearing even a distant resemblance to a ballad-poet, as that particular kind of poet is now understood, we must keep out of mind those remarkable qualities which have ever been considered as peculiarly characteristic of the great originator of epic grandeur of style and conception, and which have become identified with his genius. We must forget his ornate rhetoric, enriched with all the sweetest idioms and dialects of the Hellenic tongue, the elaborate construction of his polished verse, which, considered as a series of highly finished and musical lines, has never been equalled, and never can be surpassed; his frequent allegorical representations and studied characterisation, the great number of his *dramatis personæ* and their long speeches, their historical sketches, and the account of the countries from which they came; his many instances of the beautiful and picturesque, in describing even the deaths of his warriors and the interposition of his gods, and his manner of grouping them in scenes of action or perilous adventure, a species of artistic merit which breathes the purest spirit of the classic muse; his complex theology, his genealogy, geography, astronomy, surgery, and all the sciences known in the primeval period; but, above all, the watchful eye which he has ever kept on his grand design, as a whole, for the working out of the great catastrophe, a subject which has interested the noblest minds of the ancient and modern world; his sustained elevation of thought and natural passion for the sublime. Such a lumber of fine things would cruelly encumber the brain of a poet who paid even a passing regard to the ballad qualities of his verse. Let us, in the name of the dreadful bearer of the silver bow, the great far-darting Sminthean Apollo, "who was wont to protect Chrysa and the divine Cilla, and who bravely ruled over Tenedos," let us place Dan Homer in his resting-place on the highest shelf, amid the dusty and

long-forgotten tomes of our libraries, but let us never travestie the deified bard by representing him in any other garb than that in which he has been honoured by all the nations of the earth for so many centuries, and in which he has beneficially influenced the taste and literature of Europe down to the present day. Let us regard him as the artistic, the pathetic, the terrible, the sublime, even the abstract sublime; the more we see in Homer of the book of Genesis and Job, or of Æschylus and Milton, the more Homeric will he be, and the more he will seem to possess of the true spirit of antiquity. Giving Mr. Newman credit for many qualities which might distinguish the scholar and the poet, we cannot, however, commend him for his vain attempt to exhibit the most ancient muse of Parnassus, stammering the barbarous dialect of his own Saxon ancestors; or for endeavouring to prove that the language of the middle ages, simply because it is to us ancient, ought to be a proper medium for conveying to us the feeling and sentiment of ancient Greece. He ought to have known that antiquities, like doctors, may differ, and that the ideas of the classic ages and those of the English ballad-writers of some centuries past, are *poetically antagonistic*; so that, to express the ideal beauty, pathos, or philosophy of the former in the manner and phraseology of the latter, would be to place a row of branching columns under the frieze of Apollo's temple, or to set a pointed arch on a Corinthian capital. Mr. Newman, in his claim to be quaint, happens to be particularly infelicitous in the choice of his expressions. Many of his favourite idioms and curious terms are such as have long since lost their dignified sense, if ever they can be said to have had such a sense, and are now directly at variance with the noble simplicity and magnanimity of the ancient world. They trace back to a gloomy period a frigid intellect, a mean familiarity, and are therefore anti-Hellenic. They might seem to convey the interchange of thought between Locksley and Friar Tuck and their merry-men in Lincoln green in their nightly foray or their deer-stalking, but are manifestly out of place in the mouth of Hector or Achilles. There can be no reasonable objection to the moderate use, in all poetry of a high order, of old English words, such as Spencer wrote; but it should be kept in mind, that Homer used few obsolete terms: the self-generating language which he spoke flowed from so pure a source, itself being, for the most part, its own root, and entered so freely and naturally into the composition of words, that, with some inconsiderable exceptions, unavoidable in epic poetry, it was as fresh and intelligible in the days of Demosthenes and Philip of Macedon as it was in those of Pisistratus or Lycurgus. To render Homer's works into quaint or obsolete English, would, therefore, be to misrepresent him. He used various dialects, but these were not different languages, but rather certain grammatical varieties in the terminations of the same words throughout the different states of Greece, and formed but one language. These various modifications of the Hellenic tongue were living in the mouths of men in Homer's time and for centuries after. They afforded abundant richness to his diction, but were never quaint or obsolete, and they superadded that learned elaboration of poetic expression and versification, the faultless display of which has ever been the darling

weakness of the most eminent votaries of the Pierian sisters, and is of all others the most notable, distinguishing mark which separates them from the ballad-writing class. The effect of these dialects in the works of the great epic is suggestive of intense poetic feeling, fancy, fluency, and a keen sense of harmony, which nothing short of the combined sweetness and power of this godlike language could satisfy. They continually remind us of the vast experience of this learned sage in the language, customs, and religion of the various *clear-articulating* tribes who flourished in the many isles of the Ionian, or of the fabled flood of Icarus, or on the mainland in luxurious Smyrna, or through laughter-loving Lydia, or far to west in the Doric land of the grave Eurotas, or northward in the pleasant Corinth, or the tragic land of Cadmus, and her rival Argos, or in that lively city of Attica, the eye of Greece, where the Autochthones debated near the honied mount Hy-mettus, under the olive of Athene. They also remind us of his enviable wanderings through those Elysian climes at a period when the world was new to men, (the least of whom were heroes,) and when no enterprise was deemed worthy of consideration which conferred less than immortality. There is, by no means, that difference between the dialects of Homer which is found to exist between the language of Chaucer and that of Dryden, or between the pure English of Oliver Goldsmith and the Scotch dialect of Robert Burns; so that a translation of the *Illiad* which would embrace the several dialects of the English tongue, or any two of them with their peculiarity of idiom and phrase, would serve rather to puzzle the reader than to assist him in obtaining a right appreciation of the great original. The admission of the dialects of any language, such as those of Italy or Germany, into a translation of the *Illiad*, must depend on the easy and harmonious incorporation of those dialects with each other, and the careful exclusion of such of them as might be considered mean, obsolete, or inelegant. For if they be different languages, or if obsolete or vulgar, their free admission would effect but a gross misrepresentation. The language which he used, although now called a dead one, is immortal and unchangeable, and will be as new and as fresh throughout all ages as it formerly was to the generations of his countrymen throughout the thousand years of their heroic and brilliant career. Homer, although belonging to the primeval period, is the author of elegant and highly-finished Greek, and ought not to be introduced to us obscured in the venerable unintelligibility of obsolete language, or stammering the jargon of modern dialects; (except, perhaps, those of Italy,) or in the negligent costume of a ballad-rhymer, but sublimely chanting in the most polished tongues of the nations of Europe; and, when each of these will change, as must necessarily take place every three or four hundred years, he must be translated over again into the purest and most finished style of the day. His language is always current; he is truly catholic, not appealing in style and conception to any particular class of people or school of poets, but to the lovers of the great and beautiful throughout all ages and nations. He is universal in sentiment, time, and place; he is as new as he is old; his antiquity is the more wonderful as it is not forced on us by the accident of quaint or obsolete language, as is the case with Chaucer and Spencer,

but is owing to the remoteness of time, the "beautifier of the dead," and to that majestic simplicity of manner which bears the grandeur of the early world. History must first explain the date of his existence before we can believe him to be as ancient as he is; for the religion, customs, and mode of life treated of in his works, might also be the subject for a modern. He is like a well-preserved Grecian statue, whose antiquity is known only by tradition and a more spiritual beauty of conception and execution. Homer is ever new, and, therefore, there can be no translation of his poetry suitable for all time, for human speech is perpetually changing, and all tongues must, in due time, become obsolete; and the very words of an old translation must necessarily convey to us as much of the mode of thought, fashion, and mannerism of the period in which it was written, as they will of Homer.

Although Pope's translation lies open to the objection which we have just mentioned, reflecting, as it does, as much of the age of Queen Anne as of King Priam; still Pope's is a noble performance, and in the hands of youth serves as an excellent initiative to the learning and æsthetic genius of the ancients. It is admitted to contain much of the Homeric rapidity of movement and elevation of thought, and, as a series of lines in the purest English, it seems to have forced versification to its limit in fulfilling many of the artistic requirements of poetry. Let Pope's competitors of the present day remember that Cowper is neglected on account of his rigid fidelity to the original and his unrhymed verse; if his objectionable inversions and unmusical pauses were removed it would not mend the matter; that Pope has invested the grandeur of antiquity in the richest of modern harmony, combining, as his master did in Greek, the dignity of his native tongue with its greatest possible rapidity, and thus effecting the nearest resemblance to the original, and that, with all this, he has mingled a glowing poetic fire which never grows cold.

Notwithstanding these many excellent qualifications, he has manifestly destroyed several of the most striking passages of the *Illiad*; the vallies have been filled up, but the high hills have also been levelled to form an even road for his steamy Pegasus. Pope was not the man who could say with Homer, "like the night he came," he was not truly sublime; he is justly accused of superfine embellishments and ridiculous tautologies; still, we stoutly hold, that if it be possible (and it scarcely is) to read Homer out of any book but the original, Pope's is that book. Would the pen of an able translator be wisely employed in giving us an entirely new and *improved* version of Pope's Homer? Perhaps the work of translating the *Illiad* and *Odyssey* is too great for one mind to effect. If there be one possessed of the self-denial and courage to correct Pope, he must not believe in that startling assertion of recent critics, which maintains that "the question of translating Homer devolves very much on the choice of the metre;" but feel convinced that the metre of Dryden with his tripplets and Alexandrines, or of Milton without his inversions, is the legitimate interpreter of Homeric ideas. The English language is now too old and has passed under the revision of too many acute intellects, not to have discovered its own heroic verse. Every language naturally chooses for itself that metre which is

most conformable to the construction of its sentences, the length of its words, their accent or quantity and most harmonious combinations; such a metre might be called the focus of the language. The English becomes attenuated by extending its phrases to fill up a series of lines containing twelve or fourteen syllables. Such a metre must necessarily be clogged by a prosy redundancy of words, and will want that sustained energy and elasticity which a more striking connexion between the cæsural and final pauses gives to the shorter line. By such an elongation metre loses its buoyancy; the writer loses the focus of the language, and packs more words into a line, and often more of the sense than can conveniently strike the ear, and be conveyed to the mind in an inseparable union with rhythm, which is the great charm of verse and the aim of the true poet.

It is the merest vanity to hope to find "the true Homeric ring" in any language but Greek. The nearest approach to it is obtained, not by any endeavour to imitate the Greek hexameter in a modern language, but by embodying the Homeric ideas in a measure which is found by long experience to be peculiarly adapted to the harmony and grammatical texture of that language. Homer develops an idea in a cadence of dactyls; the reader of a translation is ignorant of his having done so; what advantage, then, is gained by the imitation? But, grant that he is capable of consulting the original, it might afterwards be found that what was smooth and poetical in Greek was harsh and unnatural in the translation. It is impossible to expect that the peculiar effect produced on Homer's ideas by this intimate connexion with his peculiar rythmical movement can ever be obtained in any translation by an imitation of the same rythmical movement. We will even go further, and say that the same movement (so widely do languages differ) associated with the same thought in English, may have a totally different effect to that which it had in Greek. We repeat, then, that the future translator of Homer has before him the spontaneous, and still, the most powerful harmony of the English tongue in the metre of John Dryden or in that of Milton. If rhyme be found objectionable, then, blank verse is at hand, and the Miltonic inversions may also be laid aside. But true it is that the iambic line of ten syllables, is, for any lengthened poem, the most musical measure in the English language. So naturally does the iambic foot adapt itself to our speech that we frequently discourse in that measure; and still, so well defined are the boundaries between poetry and prose, that the English will bear what is called blank verse better than any of the tongues of Europe. It is pitiful to see the English language in its old age, compelled to alter its periods and the harmony of its numbers, in order to please the wanton and whimsical taste of its taskmasters; it is something like what poor Andromache complains she will have to bear when a bondswoman among the Greeks, and when her beloved and chivalrous Hector is no more

L.

THE TWO LENORES.

AN ELDERLY SPINSTER'S STORY.—IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

ON the morning of my forty-second birth-day I was sitting in the breakfast parlour of my little house in Brompton, balancing my spoon upon the edge of my solitary cup, and ruminating on a great many things. I like the custom of *keeping* birth-days. As we grow older, year by year, they are like the white stones which the boy in the fairy tale strewed behind him as he went on his journey, that thus he might afterwards find his way back again to his parent's door. Memory, too, is glad of the white stones as way-marks, when she goes on her excursions into the by-gone.

I like to keep my birth-day now by making a present to some poor little child who needs it. Doing this recalls freshly the time when gifts and caresses were lavished upon me on these festive anniversaries.

I was thinking, as I balanced my spoon on my cup, of how time was making way, in spite of his snail's pace, and how the few friends that ever I had had dropped off and left me like a withering leaf on a stripped branch; of the last ten years of my life spent in this small, dingy house all alone; of the utter improbability of my ever having any thing to love and care for more than myself. I looked back, and I saw bundles of wool and cotton knitted up by my fingers, to win a little bread for the poor. I looked forward, and I saw again my future of weeks, months, years, knitted away among my needles into quilts and stockings. And then I saw the end of it all, when I should lie by like an old rusty machine, when I should be shrouded and coffined by strangers, and when there should be no one to go to my funeral.

Well! these were not very lively cogitations for a birth-day morning, so I cut them short and was busily trying to solve the weighty question, whether Peggy or Nannie, two little favourite orphans of mine, should have the nice, warm frock that lay in my basket, when my little maid came in with a letter. A letter! what an event! and with a foreign postmark too. Now, who in all the world, above all, who in Italy, should be writing to me or even know of my existence? Why, I had not had a letter from anyone for years and years. Well, when I had examined this letter and failed to recognize the hand-writing on the envelope, I opened and read it.

It was from a stranger, informing me that by the will of the late Philip Ennis, Esq., formerly of Aylemere, in the province of Connaught, Ireland, and late of the city of Florence, in Italy, I was appointed one of the guardians of his only and orphan daughter, Lenore Ennis. It furthermore stated, that, it had been Mr. Ennis's earnest wish that I should be the companion as well as the guardian of his daughter, and, as that young lady was now nineteen years of age, and had left school and been introduced

to the world, I was requested to signify whether or not it was my intention to comply in full with the dying request of the deceased.

Mr. Ennis had, at the date of the communication, been dead for several years, and my correspondent alleged his inability to discover my whereabouts as the reason of his delay in communicating with me. I dropped the letter from my hands and pondered long and wonderingly over its contents. Philip Ennis! Aye, right well knew I the name. My aunts' house was on his father's estate of Aylemere, where I was reared till I was fourteen years of age and was sent to school; and many a time he scaled the rocks to get me birds' nests. That is my earliest recollection of him.

When I went to school in England I made few friends, for I was quiet and shy; but I *had* one dear one, a Spanish orphan girl, called Carmel. I never could clearly understand why she loved me so much, for I had no attractions; but it was small marvel that I should love her dearly as a sister, lovely, and warm-hearted, and talented as she was. I can recall her perfectly at this moment as I used to see her in the black uniform dress of the school, with her pale, pure features, her deep eyes, and black braided locks.

She used to listen with keen interest to my romantic ravings about the glories of my wild mountain home, and she often expressed a longing to visit it with me; so, when I was leaving school, she obtained permission to come to Aylemere for a time, before going to seek an unknown home in far Spain. My kind aunt received us with open arms in her cottage among the moors and hills; and Carmel and I revelled in pleasure after our own hearts, climbing the mountains, boating on the lakes, chatting in the dusk evening by the firelight; taking it in turns to read our favourite books aloud. Ah! those days! It was in some of our mountain rambles that we met with Philip Ennis, my old play-mate, now come of age and sole heir of the Aylemere estates. After the first day he was often with us, soon became a constant visitor at the cottage, and before many months he had asked Carmel to be his wife. So we had a wedding in the little mountain church close by. I was the only bridesmaid, my aunt the only guest. Carmel wore a simple white muslin frock that we made ourselves, and I twined her a wreath of fresh roses and jasmine from our own garden. Never was there a lovelier bride. Aylemere Hall was a roomy, old-fashioned house, standing on a rocky height above the lakes, and half surrounded by the straggling outskirts of a thick wood that covered the mountain behind it. It had been the country residence of the Ennises for generations back, and thither Philip took his wife. It was, indeed, a delightful home. The wild and picturesque grandeur of the scenery around, the antiqueness of the house and the quaint irregularity of its architecture, as well as its isolated situation, all served to throw a halo of romance around the life of its inmates; and to this charm were added every reasonable luxury and every pleasant resource to make time wear pleasantly away.

Philip and Carmel had been wedded about a year when my aunt died, leaving me nothing, as her income, never large by the way, died with her. For a year after this event I lived at the hall, but after that, no entreaties

of its master and mistress could induce me to remain a dependant even on their kindness. I was of an active, stirring disposition in my own quiet way, and work was necessary to my existence; so I accepted a situation as governess, and, with many a bitter tear and regret, I said good-bye to the two friends I possessed in all the world, paid a parting visit to my aunt's grave, and left Ireland. I little thought for how long. I was to spend every vacation with the Ennises, they were to come to London often in the season, and take me to see all the sights, and I laughingly told Carmel that, some years hence, when she required a governess, I should apply for the situation.

Soon after I left Aylemere, Carmel's health grew delicate. That pure paleness of complexion, which was one of her greatest charms, was no sign of robust strength, and my mind misgave me when I heard she was ailing. I had been about a year in England, when a little baby was born, and Carmel was ordered at once to breathe her native air, as her only chance of life. The baby was a weakly little thing, and unfit to bear the risk of travelling. The poor mother was, therefore, obliged to leave it in the care of a foster-nurse, a tenant of their own. It was a hard necessity that forced her to leave the little one behind; but Philip was one ever prompt to follow the path he judged to be right. They hoped in a little time, when Carmel's recruited health would admit of it, to return to their child and their dear Aylemere. And so they sailed for Spain. I saw them in London on their way, and my heart sickened at the sight of Carmel so altered. A weary look life wore to me in those days, a look that I did not then know so well, but which has long been familiar to me.

Six months after their departure I heard from them, Carmel's health was not improved, and she pined for her child. Some time after the little girl, who had grown strong and healthy, was sent to her, and that was the last I ever heard of them. I watched and pined for a letter, but no letter came; years passed away, and still no letter! Then I was forced to guess that Carmel and the baby were dead, and that Philip had gone roaming over the world, God knows where. Perhaps he had written, and the letter had gone astray. At last I got used to this idea, and hoped no longer. There came no more messages from my old world. A dreary monotonous new one encompassed me, and life to me was to be a solitary, drudging unit in the thronging population of vast London. Yet even my dull existence had its changes. The first was when I was thrown out of employment and forced to seek a new situation; and the last was when the death of an old relative, whose existence I had forgotten, and whom I had never seen, brought me a small annuity, sufficient to procure me the necessaries of life, without the drudgery of teaching. I then took these quiet lodgings. I often thought of returning to Ireland and living in my aunt's old cottage, if it were still standing and untenanted, but these were both chances; besides, I could not summon courage to go back to a place haunted by so many memories, which must be so changed, and where no one would know me. No, better let youth and friendship be to me the brief dreams of

the past they had been. Better live on in London, doing what little good I could among the poor, the Irish poor.

And so, reader, having carried you with me over this sketch of my earlier past, I bring you once again to that morning when I received the strangely unexpected letter which seemed to me like a message from the other world.

That evening I got the following little note :—

“MY MOTHER’S DEAR FRIEND,—I can scarcely credit the joyful news that, though an orphan, I have still you to look to for a parent’s love and protection. I am longing to see you, and, unless you forbid me, I will drive over to-morrow early, and spend the day with you.

“Your ever dutiful and affectionate.

“LENORE ENNIS.”

With dim eyes I read and re-read the small epistle, and wondered if it were a true type of her who sent it, neat and pure, and smelling as of fresh flowers, which fragrance I imagined might represent the sweetness of a lovely disposition. I kissed the frank, clear handwriting, which I fancied to indicate a generous nature. I studied the honest-looking signature ; and, at any rate, I felt prepared to love.

Next morning I arranged my little parlour with anxious hands that would tremble, and many an odd tear fell among the china gim-cracks and geranium pots, as I handled and dusted them. I sent my little maid very early to bring some fresh-cut flowers to give the place a festive look ; and, when all was done, I put on my best cap and gown and sat down to wait. It was not long before a handsome barouche drew up at the door, and scarlet-tipped feathers appeared fluttering over the window blind. Jane, my little maid, in her Sunday gown and clean apron, was in readiness and opened the door. In another moment a young figure entered with the June sunshine that flooded over the threshold. I had a vision of light-floating drapery, a flushed and eager face, and two little, timid, outstretched hands. As I folded her in my arms I could only whisper, “Welcome, welcome, my darling, thank God for this !”

She sat in my arm-chair a few moments and sobbed with excitement, but her tears were quickly sparkling in happy sunshine again. In a few hours we were strangers no more, rather like mother and daughter than two people who yesterday had never seen one another. I found her a most loveable creature, with an exceeding sweetness of temper, and a winningness of tone and glance that found its way straight to the heart at once.

In the evening we went for a stroll to Kensington Gardens, and during that walk Lenore told me much about her past, and all that she knew of her present circumstances. She had left school about six months before, and was staying in one of the fashionable squares with a Mrs. Chirmside, whose carriage had brought her to me. The Chirmsides were very distant relations of Mr. Ennis, and had not been very good friends with him while he lived ; but when they heard that his daughter, an orphan and an heiress,

was returning to England, they gave her the warmest invitation to make their house her home, till at least such time as the guardian appointed by her father should turn up, which was a pleasantly indefinite period. An insignificant person like me it was difficult to discover, and my very existence was for a time questioned. Thus welcomed, the lonely little orphan, who had not the slightest notion of her importance as an heiress, grasped eagerly at the kindly hand that was extended towards her, and was received as one of the family at No — Onslow Square. Mrs. Chirmside, who had a large family including several sons, was a showy woman of the world, who liked to cut a figure in society, and who especially loved to have ample means wherewith to do the same. From Lenore's artless account I easily gathered that the lady counted on securing the heiress as a wife for one of her sons, and annexing her wealth to the house of Chirmside. I felt some resentment at this discovery, but took care to awaken no suspicion in Lenore's innocent mind. She had had some difficulty in getting leave to come to me, they were very anxious to keep her with them.

"They are very kind to me," she said, "I have been to all kinds of balls, and operas, and flower-shows, and John and Francis ride with me every day in the park; but John is always thinking about his clothes, and Francis talks such a deal of nonsense, that I get tired sometimes. I have not enjoyed anything yet so much as this evening's walk."

Chatting thus we sauntered over the green homewards. I could not but notice how many an eye glanced with admiration at the bright eager face beside me. Certainly she was very lovely, though I had remarked from the first that she had not the slightest resemblance to her mother. She was rather little and beautifully shaped, her dress suited her with a fairy-like neatness and appropriateness, her eyes were gray, clear, and intelligent, her features rather short and piquant, and her hair auburn, sometimes it looked chesnut brown, but in the sun, as now, hanging in wavy masses from under her hat, it was a warm, bright auburn. Her voice was the pleasantest I ever heard, it had such a heart-tone when she spoke in earnest, and such a ring of mirth when she chatted in the careless, joyous strain, which seemed as natural to her as it is the nature of the sun to shine or the lark to carol on a summer morning.

CHAPTER II.

WE wound up that pleasant day by a long and earnest talk in the dark twilight at the open window.

"They say I am very rich," said Lenore, "and Mrs. Chirmside wants me to take a house beside hers for you and me, but unless you wish it I would rather not. I have seen a good deal of London and I want to go and see my native land. If I have wealth I will spend it among those poor, good people whom my mother loved so much. Dear aunt," (so she had begged leave to christen me,) "could not we manage to go and live in the

old hall? Mrs. Chirmside says it must be all fusty and dilapidated, but it could be done up afresh, and made nice and comfortable before we should go. Oh, I do so long to see the old place! Besides, my other guardian, Dr. Pierce Redmond, lives there, and I ought to be under the dominion of you both. If I stay here he will be null and void."

I did not see why she should not gratify her very natural wish, and I said so. We arranged it fully that night, and Lenore perfectly danced with joy when I sealed my letter to Dr. Redmond, asking him to get the house put in order and proper servants appointed. So it was settled that, as soon as the house could receive us we should go to Ireland and take up our abode in Aylemere Hall. Mrs. Chirmside made a great fuss, and John and Francis were in despair, but Lenore was obstinate. We had some curious days' shopping while Lenore supplied herself with the necessary materials for carrying out the thousand and one schemes she had conceived for the good of her people. At last Dr. Redmond signified to us that the hall was in readiness to receive us, and joyfully we set out, determined on spending our Christmas at Aylemere.

One dusky afternoon, early in December, found us in a comfortable travelling-carriage, making our way towards Aylemere along a narrow, hilly road, in the heart of the Irish highlands. The valleys were white and silent, the stillness was unbroken even by the sound of our carriage, for the wheels were muffled in the thick snow, and we passed along noiselessly as in a dream. The white peaks of the mountains rose one above another in spectral ranks; the sky was a vast sweep of monotonous gray, relieved by one broad fiery bar along the western horizon. A sweet solemn sense of rest stole over my spirit as I studied each well-remembered crag and moor. My latter life seemed swept away in a breath! At the sight of the dearly-loved wilds of my childhood my heart went forth in a gush of enthusiastic love, such as I had never hoped to taste again. The spirit of my youth seemed to return, and fill my soul with renewed vigor.

Lenore sat in a corner of the carriage, wrapped in cloaks, and perfectly quiet. I saw her earnest, speculative eyes, looking forth from under her hat, drinking in the wild beauty of the landscape with an intense thirst. I knew that she looked on it, not as a mere picture, but as a world peopled with mysteries, with whole tomes of history locked away in its mountain fastnesses, and shadowed by clouds that will never be rolled aside.

We were abruptly roused from our dreams by the carriage sinking in a rut, with a jerk, which threw us violently forward in our seats and flung the driver from the high box upon the road. The poor man did not rise again, and when we called to him he moaned out that his leg was broken. There was not a house nor a human being in sight. The carriage was stuck fast in a hole covered by the treacherous snow, and the horses began to grow restive.

"For the love of God, ladies, come out!" moaned the poor man, "for the carriage will be over the cliff."

I obeyed, trembling, but Lenore showed a presence of mind which I

had hardly given her credit for. She first satisfied herself that the wheels were all right and the carriage unbroken, and then, fearlessly taking the horses' heads she gently urged them forward, and succeeded in extricating the vehicle.

"We must do what we can for ourselves," said she, "for there is no sign of life about. Can you guess how far we are from Aylemere?"

"The man said he thought it was about four miles away." Lenore then lit the carriage lamps, for it was rapidly growing dark, and next began lifting out the cushions and making a kind of litter upon the ground. On this we gently shifted the poor driver, and, exerting our utmost strength, we lifted him into the carriage and made him as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances.

"Now, Aunt," said Lenore, "take your seat, and attend to the poor fellow as well as you can. I am going to drive. Don't be frightened, I have often driven Mrs. Chirmside's phaeton in the park; and, if you can only direct me as to the turns in the road, we shall get quite safely to our journey's end."

And so we did. The poor driver helped us as well as he was able with such exclamations as "Keep to the left, Miss!"—"Hould up their heads well, goin' down the hill!"—"Take the next turn you come across, Miss!" etc. etc., till at last his strength failed him and he fainted!

Fortunately, it was not long after this before we saw the lights of Aylemere Hall glancing in the distance. The stars had come out, and I fully recognized our position. We should still have a long way to drive so as to reach the house by the regular approach, but I knew of a little gate by which I could find my way there quickly and fetch assistance. Lenore pulled up at this spot, and, finding the wicket unlocked, I made my way by a winding path up through the wood. My memory had not been at fault, and I emerged from the gloom of the trees to a full view of the hall with its lights and gables.

Several times during my ascent I had fancied I heard gusts of distant music, but had concluded it was the wind which was rising. I knew of old what strange sounds are made by the storm in the mountain caves. But, just as I left the wood, the unmistakable roll of an organ burst upon my ears with so grand a swell, that I stood spell-bound and listening. On swept the music, peal after peal of exultation seeming to shake the very trees around me:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free!"

So spoke the organ, in tones so triumphantly eloquent that the very stars seemed to flash and reverberate. For a few moments I forgot everything in bewilderment at the suddenness of the apparition of this loud-voiced spirit of music; but the next I bethought me that my half-superstitious feeling was absurd, and that it was very evident to reason that the sounds proceeded from the house towards which I was directing my steps. And furthermore, I well remembered Philip's organ, which had been one of his

crazes, and which he had had built into one end of the large old chamber that he used as a library. But who was thus celebrating our arrival with such a masterly performance? Was it one of the servants? Or could it be that Dr. Redmond was the musician? I would see, and quickly made my way to the library window, which was unshuttered and showed a bright red light. I looked in and saw that the room was lit only by the huge turf-fire which glowed in the wide fire-place just opposite the window. The fire-light was reflected on the black marble mantel-piece, on the shining pipes of the organ, which stood in its old place against the western window, and filled the room with a rich glow, sending the shadows dancing away into the corners.

One gigantic shadow kept moving backward and forward upon the wall, the shadow of a man who sat at the organ. I saw his figure swaying to and fro, as if with the energy of inspiration, while he seemed to pour forth his whole soul in magnificent harmony. At first I thought him alone, but a flash from the fire revealed the other end of the room, and danced over the oaken pannelled door, bringing forth from the shadows another head, and, good heaven! it seemed as if the face of Carmel Ennis looked out from the old wainscot; and what an expression of passionate worship was in the dark eyes as they gazed upward towards the organ and its master. Carmel Ennis! No, she was dead—I was dreaming! A superstitious tremour ran through me and I could have sworn it was an apparition, but that my eyes caught the glowing of crimson drapery, and I saw a figure steal from the corner and glide out of the door. I turned from the window, marvelling. All this takes some time to tell, but, in reality, a very few minutes had passed from the time I had left the carriage till the moment when I found myself at the door of Aylemere Hall. My hand was on the bell, but, seeing the door ajar, I entered without ceremony. I crossed the lighted hall and entered the dining room. A gentleman was seated at the fire reading. So absorbed was he in his book that I had some moments to observe him before he was aware of my presence, for I felt the awkwardness of my position and paused before I spoke.

This must be Dr. Redmond, I thought at once. But how unlike what I had expected to find him. I fancied him wrinkled and grey-haired, and this man could scarcely be much over thirty at the most. He seemed tall and well-made, and wore a gray shooting costume. He had a pale, dark face, which bore the evident stamp of intellect. The expression of the eyes was sweet and rather sad, the mouth firm, the brows stern and thoughtful. A shaggy dog lay at his feet. I had noted this much when he looked up. He started to his feet in surprise, and laid down his book. I hastily introduced myself, and told him of our adventure.

"But, dear Madam!" he said, "we did not expect you till to-morrow night. I merely came round here this evening to see that all the preparations were completed, and intended driving to D—— early in the morning to meet you, and introduce Miss Ennis to her new home. I am very sorry for this. There must be some great mistake."

And so there was. I had written a few days before to make known

an alteration in our travelling arrangements. The letter had gone astray.

At this moment another gentleman entered the room, and drew back, seemingly quite as much taken by surprise as had been the doctor, who hastily introduced 'My friend, Mr. Howard;' and then, summoning several men, the two hurriedly left the house.

I went out on the terrace to meet Lenore. The aspect of things outside had changed by one of those sudden shifts peculiar to the country. Our whilome foe, the darkness, had fled before the full moon, which shone with generous beam, her lavish light, flung upon the water from the highest opposite peak, reflecting distinctly in the calm breast of the lake at my feet the entire range of mountains which skirted its shores. Under the silent light the snow seemed to clothe moor and upland with an unearthly beauty, and the deep blue heaven set starry jewels on the brow of every towering crag. The crisp frost hung sparkling on the trees and crackled under foot, and there was just enough of wind to give voice to the solemn wood which wandered away, undulating and dark, into the distant shadows of the mountains.

I soon met the doctor, accompanied by two men carrying our poor driver. He seemed greatly concerned about the sufferer, and, excusing himself to me in passing, went on into the house to attend to him. Following him, came Lenore, leaning on the arm of the gentleman who had been introduced as Mr. Howard. He offered me his other arm, and we returned to the house together.

We found all the servants gathered in the hall, looking curiously for a sight of their young mistress. Lenore went round shaking hands with them all in her frank good-natured way, and predisposing all hearts to love her. I did not much like the face and manner of the woman who pressed forward with many curtsies and announced herself as the housekeeper, and Miss Ennis's foster-mother. She was quite too obsequious, and her glances were too sly; still more was I puzzled by the cold looks of a girl who stood apart at the distant end of the hall. I recognised it as the same face I had seen through the library window, it did not strike me now as so supernaturally strange a thing that this beautiful, wilful-looking peasant girl should resemble in feature my dead Carmel. Still she excited my curiosity, she was not a servant, she was not dressed like a lady, and yet her clothes were much too good for those of an ordinary peasant. A full skirt of crimson flannel fell to her ankles, and the beauty of her small feet was enhanced by neat stockings and buckled shoes. She wore a kind of jacket of snowy white. Her arms, bare to the elbow, were remarkably fair for a girl of her rank, and beautifully rounded. Her black hair was neatly braided, and coiled in ample plaits at the back of her head, she was wonderfully like Carmel, but less so than she had seemed in the brief glimpse I had got of her face in the library. Then, it wore a soft expression, but never had I seen Carmel's gentle features disfigured by so sullen a look as was expressed by the eyes and mouth of this strange girl, who, as she leaned sulkily against the balustrade, seemed eyeing us all with jealous contempt. I could not but look

at her, and as I looked I saw her flush and frown. I followed the direction of her eyes, she was gazing steadily at Howard as he politely drew Lenore's heavy cloak from her shoulders and handed it to one of the servants. All at once it struck me that Howard was the musician, and a curious page seemed laid open before me; I did not wish to read, however, and turned my attention to other things, trying to get rid of the uncomfortable impression given me by that girl's face.

I asked the housekeeper to let us have some tea, and while it was in preparation we went up stairs to get rid of our travel-stains. Lenore peeped here and there, and was enchanted at every turn; such fine wide old stair-cases, such dear old rambling rooms, such nice cosy little nooks! Our dressing-rooms were side by side, and snug fires blazed in each. What a delicious home-like sensation came over me when I found myself again the occupant of the room that (how many years ago!) was mine! By a strange accident it had been chosen for me by those who had little idea of the many dear memories that were woven into its hangings and twisted in the pattern on the wall, and lurking in the shadows about the hearth, and sighing in the wind that swept the beech tree past the window. Tears would come when these memories thronged around me with their impetuous welcome; but there was little bitterness in them, for Lenore was growing all-in-all to me, and the happy present sweetened the saddening thought of the past.

RUTH MILLAIS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE.

In this glad season, when young hopes and flowers
Spring in the heart, and bloom around the bowers;
Child of harsh winter, cradled amidst tears,
The graceful snow-drop timidly appears,
Emblem of hope, she lifts her fragile head;
Yet, drooping, seems to mourn the floral dead.
Then comes the crocus with her golden cup,
Which drinks the young sun's yellow radiance up;
While here the primrose, firstling of the Spring,
(To whom her mother rarest gifts doth bring,)
Opens her soft eye, rejoicing in the day,
And smiling, hails bright Phœbus' warming ray.
As a mild virgin, beautifully pale,
Yon simple flow'r the lily of the vale,
Modest and lovely, seeks the sheltered shade,
And with her hearty cheers the vernal glade.

Whence is this balm? whence do these odours spring?

Oh! the sweet south wind bears them on his wing

From yonder bank where laughs the new-born Rose,

Asking, "What flower such perfume can disclose?"

The little violet, from a leafy screen,

Meekly replies, "No other bud I've seen

To match with thee; thou art the garden's pride;

But, knowing this, why humbler flow'rs deride?"

'Tis true thou'rt beautiful, and rich, and rare

In tint and vesture; but thou art not fair

Like the loved lily of the lonely vale,

Whose breath, as thine, delights th' enamoured gale;

Nor canst thou boast of the bright azure hue,

That bathes the Iris in celestial blue;

And the same glow that purples evening sky

Colours the lids of the sad violet's eye—

All these thou hast not, flaunting, boastful rose,

Then, wherefore Queen of ev'ry flow'r that blows?

And this I know, that in the rich parterre

I'm wooed as fondly as the proudest there."

Deep blushed the rose, and hid her lovely head—

"Forgive, forgive," the gentle violet said,

"I do but jest—look up, that cruel thorn

Will pierce thy cheeks; would I were never born,

Rather than see thee thus depressed with grief,

I'd yield my life if that could bring relief."

Sinking in sorrow on an emerald bank,

O'er which the Rose hung, prone, the Violet sank;

And the sad sighs that heaved her contrite heart

Did to the Rose soft sympathy impart.

Bending to where the weeping flow'ret lay,

She raised her rival from the tear-wet clay,

And, smiling, said, "Sweet sister! I'm to blame,

I am in fault, for Rose is but a name,

Which, if bestowed upon thy fragrant head,

All my vain boastings instantly were fled.

But, for the future, co-mates let us be—

I'll lend my colour, thou thy breath to me;

And mingling sweets of what to each is given,

No flowers of Earth shall have so much of heaven,

And all shall ask, while thus our essence flows,

Which is the Violet and which the Rose?"

JOHN DUGGAN.

A PHASE OF LONDON LIFE.

I ADMIT it. I have always been too fond of society; but I have never been able to discover that society has reciprocated the compliment. Many a time have I neglected some important mission, rather than be absent from my devoted and admiring friends—friends whose midnight gatherings had become necessary to my existence, and whose social irregularities had plunged me into a sufficient number of scrapes to form as long a “chapter of accidents” as any writer of the “sensation” school could possibly desire. All sorts of engagements, whether on pleasure or on business, have I been known to break through that irresistible love of society which has been my rock-a-head through life; and on one occasion (will it be believed, O Hymen?) I was absolutely daring enough to annul a marriage contract, for, when I was expected by a trembling bride at the door of the church, I was some hundred miles away on a boating expedition with some roystering yachters! The consequences of this false step were, of course, sufficiently serious to demand grave reflection, and some weeks afterwards I meditated upon the propriety of commencing an entirely new line of life; but, in order to carry out this resolution, it was necessary for me to cultivate an attachment for my own apartments, and this I had so frequently attempted in vain, that I almost despaired of success. Often had I gone to my solitary abode at Camden Town, at an early hour in the evening, resolved to be content with my own society, and to avoid the pleasures of the dance, the song, and the glass; but the reflection that my absence was being deplored by some merry companions shot a pang through my sensitive heart, and my virtuous inclination was destroyed. “Infirm of purpose!” cried *Lady Macbeth*, and so did I—why should I not make a resolution and keep it? But how? There was the difficulty.

Unfortunately, those reflections did not produce any great change in my every-day habits; for I found that, struggle as I might against the desire to spend my time in society, the love of excitement tempted me forth into the world when I might have been peaceably and profitably occupied at home. A minister may change his politics or a divine his religion, but as for a man about town, custom hath made his way of life a “property” of so much “easiness” to him, that neither time nor tide can turn the current of his inclinations. A man who has been all his life going down-hill finds it a somewhat troublesome task to travel up it, even though Fortune points out the path. The moneys I had lost to friends, whose practice it was to demand “just half-a-crown, only till to-morrow,” ought alone to have opened my eyes to the error of my ways; but No. Like an adventurer at the gaming table, I had proceeded so far on the wrong road, that, if I saw the right one before me I felt an instinctive preference for the former, and, though I lost heavily by the choice, I hoped that I might one day gain; for he is a melancholy individual, indeed, who does not say to himself, when bright thoughts come uppermost, “Something good must turn up by-and-by.”

Some few weeks after the misfortune above recorded I had been requested by a lady, with whom I was on terms of intimacy, to escort her and her two daughters to the theatre, the understanding being that I should procure "box orders" for four persons—a system of patronizing the British drama which has obtained as much favour of late years, amongst those who are not entitled to the privilege as it has with that class of persons who claim it by prescriptive right. I had, however, received many kindnesses from Mrs. Dinwiddy, the name of the lady alluded to, and was, therefore, too happy to gratify her request in regard to the theatre, especially as I was to have the society of her two charming daughters—Clementina and Wilhelmina—one of whom (but I forbear, from motives of delicacy, to mention *which* !) had often made my sensitive heart go "pit-a-pat." Moreover, I knew very well (mercenary wretch that I was !) that, notwithstanding Mrs. Dinwiddy was glad to accept a free admission to the theatre, her husband, the late lamented Daniel Dinwiddy, hop merchant, had left her a very comfortable maintenance, as she herself called it, and surely there was no harm in believing that the ladies Clementina and Wilhelmina would by-and-by come into possession of a fair share of her property ? But at this particular moment Mrs. Dinwiddy's property is neither here nor there, and whatever became of it the reader must, for the present at least, forbear to inquire, lest he be induced to throw aside these pages in a fit of glowing indignation.

To proceed. By dint of a large amount of perseverance and no little diplomacy (for, be it understood, I had no more claim to the suffrages of theatrical managers than the Queen of England has to the sovereignty of Spain), I succeeded in obtaining the required privilege ; and, presenting myself before Mrs. Dinwiddy and the young ladies at the appointed time, I displayed all my "orders" to their admiring gaze. Military orders are supposed to have considerable attractions for the fair sex, but all the decorations that ever glittered on the breast of a gallant son of Mars could not have shone more brilliantly in the eyes of these daughters of Eve than did the paper honours I now presented. Clementina had only been to the theatre once before, and Wilhelmina *never* ! What, a treat, therefore was in store, not only for them, but for myself also, who anticipated much gratification from the fact of seeing the lovely faces of two innocent spinsters beaming with delight through a long and popular performance ! The idea of the expense never once entered my head, though it will clearly be perceived that it ought to have done so ; for, how could I allow any body but myself to pay for the conveyance and all the little *et ceteras* in the way of ices, play-bills, box-keepers, and other nuisances incidental to a visit to the theatre in *such* company ? Arrived at the place of entertainment, I paid the cab-fare with a gracious air, and tripped lightly up to the free-list office, Mrs. Dinwiddy on one arm and the lady Clementina on the other, Miss Wilhelmina bringing up the rear—as elegant a party of *non-payers* as ever attired themselves for public display, the ladies being opera-cloaked and wreathed quite *a la mode moderne*, and myself (vanity apart !) being "got

up" in a manner which seemed to attract even the experienced eyes of the observant officials.

I presented my orders to the almost invisible person who sat at the receipt of custom, behind a little pigeon-hole, through which I placed my hand, and I felt as much confidence as to the result as if I were offering a cheque of Rothschild's for payment at that distinguished Hebrew's bank. "Not admitted! a benefit night!" was the exclamation growled out through the pigeon-hole. These words struck terror into my brain, though they were obviously quite unintelligible to the ladies, who, in fact, scarcely heard them, and I instinctively cried, "How? what? explain!" "Look on the tickets," said the surly official, thrusting them into my hand with an offensive jerk. I did as he desired, and there were the awful words, "Not admitted on benefit nights," as plain as those in the "Inferno" of Dante—"All hope abandon ye who enter here!" "And is this a benefit night?" I quickly inquired. "Of course it is, else I should not have said so," was the polite reply. "Then, what must I do?" I asked, as by this time I observed the ladies were becoming confused and perplexed; and well they might, for it certainly was not the most agreeable thing in the world to stand at the entrance of a theatre, all unbonneted and adorned as they were, whilst the in-comers gazed at them with mingled curiosity and surprise. "Do!" howled he of the pigeon-hole, "pay, of course!" Had the fellow passed sentence of death upon me, I could not have been more horrified than I was at this announcement; for, I blush to say, as I then blushed to feel, that I might as well have been called upon to liquidate the national debt as to pay for the admission of four persons to the dress-boxes of a fashionable theatre. "Heavens!" I exclaimed, turning away from the relentless dignitary, who had thus brought my pecuniary weakness to light, and addressing myself in regretful terms to Mrs. Dinwiddy—"What is to be done? for, unfortunately, I left my purse at home." "Oh, I have some money, mamma," said Clementina. "And so have I," cried Wilhelmina, (the dear bewitchers, I could have embraced them, but I restrained my overwrought feelings.) "Nonsense, children," said Mrs. Dinwiddy, "do you think I'm going to allow you to spend your money at a play-house?" Unfeeling mother! little thought she how their gentle hearts were throbbing to gain access to the interior, where the performance had by this time commenced, and where the plaudits of the audience rang in their ears in mockery of their woe. Why, they would almost have given those very hearts to accomplish the one paramount object of that anxious moment; yet I, who had brought them into this distressing dilemma, was unable to relieve them from the difficulty. In this cruel predicament, the only idea that suggested itself to my mind was to say that I would run round to the stage door and ask one of the actors, who was an intimate friend of mine, to lend me what I required till morning. "No, no," exclaimed Mrs. Dinwiddy, to the horror and amazement of the panting damsels, "do not give yourself any trouble about it; we can but go home again." For, as I have already hinted, that prudent lady, though fond of an evening's amusement, did not quite relish the idea of paying for it.

Notwithstanding her protest, however, I placed the three ladies in a retired corner, and was about to put my idea into execution, under pretence that I was going to fetch a cab to convey them home, when I encountered my friend Fitzmortimer Sims, (the very individual whose assistance I sought,) and who, not being destined to "stage business" on that occasion, was hastening to see the performance; for it should be known that actors, when they find the opportunity, spend as much of their time before the scenes as they do behind them. I explained to him my position, and the worthy Fitzmortimer, (small though his weekly stipend was,) immediately satisfied my want, for he had received some arrears of salary that morning, and the "benefit" was that of the manager himself, who had arranged it for that particular evening in order that he might reimburse himself for the money he had paid. "Come round to the stage when this piece is over," said Fitzmortimer Sims, leaving me to the exclusive guardianship of the ladies under my "protection." "All right," I replied, in an undertone, for I did not quite like the idea of my fair companions knowing that I intended to sever myself from them for a brief period in the course of the evening.

All obstacle to our *entrée* being now removed, and, indeed, in a much less space of time than has been occupied in telling the story, we were speedily seated in the dress-boxes. Being somewhat restless, and my natural excitability being increased by the humiliating position I had been placed in, I was compelled to leave my seat before the termination of the first piece, which chanced to be "Romeo and Juliet," and my susceptible heart could not bear the penetrating glance of the gentle Clementina's tearful eye. The secret is out! It was Clementina who stimulated the tender passion within my bosom, as the "agony" of the young lovers was being "piled up" before her. Begging to be excused for a few minutes, I went out into the lobby, where I came face to face with the gruff gentleman who had spoken to me so abruptly through the pigeon-hole; "Good evening, Mr. Wiggins!" said I, wishing to be very civil to Wiggins, for I felt that a man like him, "dressed in a little brief authority," had it in his power to make matters disagreeable to me on future occasions. "Good evening!" he replied, with the same unrelenting bluntness. "How came you to make such a mistake? You ought to have known it was a benefit night." "But I didn't know it," said I. "That's what I complain of," said Wiggins, "and I'm astonished at your ignorance." "I'm not obliged to know the movements of every theatre in London, am I?" was my immediate retort. "People who come with orders," cried Wiggins, "are bound to know what's going on." "That's quite a new doctrine," I observed, and somewhat offensively expounded. "Oh, I know all about you, Mr. Phubbs," said Wiggins, (Phubbs is my name, and Clementina did not think it a very ugly one.) "What do you mean?" cried I, indignantly. "Mean!" said Wiggins, with increasing insolence. "Why, this is not the first time you have *tried* on the same sort of thing." "I was never in a similar position before," said I, following him into a private room, where he was about to render an account of his evening's stewardship. "I know better," exclaimed Wiggins, standing before me, as if to bar my en-

trance. "Would you give me the lie?" I calmly demanded. "Yes," said he, "if you mean to say"—— I did not wait for the conclusion of the sentence, but instantly gave him a blow which sent him sprawling on the floor. In his fall he caused the lamp on the table to upset, and we were both in darkness, save for the twinkling light which came from the gas in the street. "I shall summons you for this," cried Wiggins, and he tried to strike me with the poker. Wrenching the weapon from his grasp, I threw it across the room; not, however, intending to do any mischief, but, unfortunately, it struck a looking-glass and dashed it to pieces.

Thinking it was now time to retire, I left Wiggins to his reflections and his right of summons. My next impulse was to rejoin the ladies; but this I had not the courage to do, considering the excited state of my mind, and I was quite sure they would judge from my manner that something very serious had occurred since I left them. I saw, however, that they were comfortably seated and quite free from any intrusion, and then hastened round to the stage door, where I was immediately followed by Fitzmortimer Sims, who said Wiggins was vowing vengeance against me, and the best thing I could do would be to tell the manager the whole story myself, for fear Wiggins should take advantage of me and exaggerate that which was only a petty quarrel into a deadly assault on my part. I agreed to follow Fitzmortimer's advice, and went with him to the managerial presence. I had just related the circumstances when Wiggins entered. I said I had told the whole truth and would now leave matters to take their course, promising, however, to pay for the looking-glass which I did not intend to break. I cared not to bandy further words with Wiggins, and, therefore, left him to entertain his manager as best he might, whilst I accompanied Sims to the "wing" to have a peep at the concluding performance; glancing up at the boxes I discovered, to my infinite surprise and confusion, that Mrs. Dinwiddy and her daughters had left the theatre!

The night seemed doomed to be one of misfortune, and this was the worst of all. I who was noted for my general politeness, and for my attention to the amenities of society! I who respected Mrs. Dinwiddy and loved one of her daughters! I who had contemplated with pleasure the gratification I should feel in the social supper, which, with hungry ears, I had heard Mrs. Dinwiddy instruct her cook to prepare against our return! I who was the responsible protector of three, otherwise unprotected, females, to be thrown into this ignominious position! What was to be done? The thought was maddening! I dared not go to Mrs. Dinwiddy's house, for how could I excuse myself for such an extraordinary want of gallantry? I resolved, however, to hasten round to the front of the theatre, to satisfy myself that the ladies were not awaiting my return in the retiring room. In vain I sought them there, and in vain I scrutinized the occupants of the boxes, thinking it possible, though not very probable, that "my party" might have changed their places—they were, to all intents and purposes, gone, leaving me to chew the cud of shame and regret. True, I had been spared the *exposé* of not being able to pay the cab-fare home, but that was a minor consideration compared with the reflection that I had escorted

three ladies to the theatre, and had allowed them to return from it by themselves. Not wishing to make an exhibition of myself for the benefit of the lobby loungers, who might see the confusion I was in, I went back to the stage in company with Fitzmortimer Sims, who had stood my friend throughout, but whom, unfortunately, I lost in the intricate turnings and windings of the stage, which chanced at that time to be more than usually crowded with scenery and "fitments." As soon as the business of the scene enabled me to wander about the premises, I sought Fitzmortimer in all directions, but found him not; and he had evidently left me behind, as my fair tormentors had done. The probability was that, having missed me in the bustle and confusion of the stage, and being in want of some refreshment after the evening's amusement, he had repaired to the "Blue Dragon," feeling a tolerable certainty that I should follow him thither. That renowned hostelry chanced to be in the neighbourhood of the theatre, and it was there I made Fitzmortimer Sims's acquaintance; but I doubted much whether I should join him on this occasion, for I had quite enough of excitement to last me more than one evening, and I thought it more prudent, especially as my funds were reduced to a cipher, to keep out of society until the next day.

The performances were now at an end, and the players were rapidly taking their departure; the lamps in the body of the theatre were extinguished, and the stage was almost reduced to darkness. Not being altogether accustomed to the penetralia of such a place, I had some difficulty in groping my way, and suddenly I found myself in one of the dressing-rooms. A fire was still burning somewhat brightly in the grate, and by its reflection I could discern, from certain palpable evidences, that it was the room which had been occupied by the *Romeo* of the night. There I was, in the sacred apartment where that love-born swain had adorned himself to meet the fascinations of the devoted Juliet! where, doubtless, in the march of time, hundreds of great actors had studied, and thought, and "fretted;" where all the well-known heroes of the classic drama had girded themselves for the mighty deeds they were called upon to achieve. These reflections passed rapidly through my mind, but they did not prevent me from exercising my visual organs, and I discovered, as well as the flickering light of the fire enabled me, a bottle of brandy from which the faithful *Romeo* had evidently been imbibing his "poison," and which, by some extraordinary accident, had been left on the top of his "dress-box." I did not stop to inquire into the cause of this phenomenon, nor did I for one moment doubt that I should be perfectly welcome to partake of the brandy if the owner were to see it in my possession, and, therefore, I very gladly imbibed as copious a draft as the strength of the spirit would permit. In short, nothing could have been more opportune, for I was much overcome by the annoyances I had experienced, and my nerves required a stronger stimulant than my pocket could supply. The benefit I derived from the restorative was so great that I took a second gulp, and immediately afterwards I discovered its effects stealing over me, for I had eaten nothing for several hours, and was, therefore, ill-prepared to resist the intoxicating in-

fluence of undiluted cognac. Fortunately, there happened to be an easy-chair in the room, and I instantly threw myself into its comforting embraces. In a few moments I fell into a sound sleep, and was soon visited by a dream, in which all the celebrated actors and actresses I had ever seen, (including the representative of *Romeo* on the occasion described,) appeared before me—some in their private costume and others attired in such dresses as were familiar to me from the stage. The most extraordinary fact was that kings, queens, heroes, warriors, brigands, priests, "chambermaids," "old women," "heavy fathers," "walking gentlemen," and every description of historic character were jumbled together in the most heterogeneous confusion; and ghosts, witches, clowns, and fairies, seemed to be walking arm-in-arm. Ever and anon portions of a play were represented; and it struck me as being very remarkable, that, while a hero of tragedy was reciting a poetical speech, a jocose fellow would dart forward and introduce a burlesque scene with as much earnestness as if it really had some connection with the serious piece. But the most singular part of the dream was, that all the players, of whatsoever "line" or degree, appeared to act in a faultless manner; and I could only account for this fact by remarking that none of them seemed to have too much their own way—a state of things which, I was glad to perceive, had at length found favour on the stage. In the midst of all there stood forth the identical manager to whom I had explained the unlucky *contretemps* of the evening, and who most graciously welcomed my presence, and said he should be glad to see me at his theatre, free of entrance charge, "whenever the spirit moved me." I thanked him cordially for his disinterested kindness, and was about to contrast it with the treatment I had experienced from his *employé*, when I felt a violent tap on my shoulder and—I awoke! Wonder of wonders! I had slept all night in the theatre and the stage-door-keeper, on going his morning rounds, to see if all was right had brought me to a sense of my "perplexing predicament." A few words of explanation sufficed, for the man knew me very well by sight, and, feeling greatly relieved by the night's rest, disturbed though it was, I hastened homewards, the strange anomaly of my evening costume as adapted to a morning walk, causing some little merriment amongst the street idlers.

I had just left home in the afternoon, and was pondering on the events of the past night, when I met two of my old friends and boon companions, Harry Winter and Jack Spring. I was about to relate to them the adventures just recorded when the former said that, as far as the ladies were concerned, he "knew all about it," for he was at the theatre himself, and had observed Mrs. Dinwiddy and her daughters sitting in the boxes by themselves.

"Well, and what did you do?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Do!" replied Harry Winter, "I immediately joined them, of course, and offered them my services for the remainder of the evening."

"I was not aware you were acquainted with the family," said I (for I had lost sight of Harry lately, and was really ignorant of his movements.)

"Known them intimately for some months past," replied Harry "and

very nice people they are. The old lady is rather mean, certainly, but as to the girls, they are not to be surpassed for beauty and amiability."

"I quite agree with you in that sentiment," said I, "but what induced the party to leave the theatre before the performances had concluded, and before I could rejoin them?"

"Because dear Clementina complained of faintness and headache," said Harry, "and I could not allow her to remain at the theatre under such circumstances."

"Allow her!" I exclaimed, surprised at an expression which implied so much familiarity. "Have you, then, any control over Clementina's actions?"

"A great deal, I assure you," was the reply, "she follows my wishes in every thing, for she well knows they tend to her benefit."

"What mean you!" cried I, "becoming naturally jealous of the endearing language in which my friend was indulging."

"What do I mean?" he answered, "why, that I am engaged to be married to Miss Clementina Dinwiddy."

"The deuce you are!" said I, horror-stricken to think that I had been unprofitably spending my time and money in the hope of securing the same lady."

"A fact," he replied, curtly, "as this will serve to testify," and he showed me a miniature of the fair coquette which he carried in his pocket.

"And why have you kept the engagement such a profound secret?" I inquired.

"My dear fellow!" said Harry, "when a man is really in love with a girl, and seriously means to marry her, he does not usually publish the bans himself."

"Confound it!" said I, "she has jilted me."

"Don't call the lovely Clementina a jilt," exclaimed Harry Winter, with feigned indignation.

"If Harry threatens to play the indignant lover," said Jack Spring, who had just returned to us, after lighting a cigar at a neighbouring shop, "we had better change the subject and talk of something less agreeable than Clementina Dinwiddy."

We were very speedily furnished with the means of carrying out this suggestion, for we had not proceeded many steps further ere a summons was placed in my hands, to answer the complaint of Abraham Wiggins on the following day. Meantime I related to my friends at the "Blue Dragon" the particulars of the affray at the theatre, and of the extraordinary night I had passed. Fitzmortimer Sims, who was present, said he had left the theatre because Wiggins had accosted him in an insolent manner, and endeavoured to make him a party to the quarrel. But I desired no further explanations for I had received my share, and it need hardly be said that my reflections there-*anent* were by no means of an agreeable character. My love of society and my still stronger love of a fascinating damsel, had led me to hope I should pass a delightful evening, if not wholly free from

expense, certainly free from anything in the shape of molestation. And what were the consequences? An insult, a quarrel, a blow, a fractured mirror, a severance from the object of my most ardent aspirations, the revelation that she was engaged to another; and ("last scene of all") a summons to a police-court! Bitterly had I paid the penalty of my blindness and stupidity! But, no, it was not quite paid, for the summons had yet to be heard. I did not fail to obey it at the hour appointed, and was accompanied by Jack Spring, Fitzmortimer Sims, and my successful rival, Harry Winter. The complaint was investigated, and, as I thought, successfully answered; but my unlucky star still continued in the ascendant, and I was called upon to pay five pounds for the assault (because it took place in a gentleman's private room) and to defray the cost of repairing the looking-glass.

Such were the penalties I paid for following too industriously the "charms" of London Life! And, when I came to reflect calmly on all that had passed, I found abundant material to convince me that those who live too much for their friends have yet to learn the true meaning of friendship.

G. H.

THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE.

It has been said that, to write the life of Marlborough would be to write an eventful part of English history; it might be added, that a biography of his wife would be a narrative of all that was most interesting in the reign of Queen Anne. If the duke fought the battles against the French abroad, bringing glory and taxes to his country, the duchess fought his battles at home against jealous intrigues and calumnies of the meanest description. Of the two, the lady had, perhaps, the more difficult task. The Queen and herself were accustomed to chat together, call each other pet names—Anne being Mrs. Morley, and Sarah (the duchess) Mrs. Freeman. They had scandal enough to talk about, at all events, as one of them, at least, could recollect the wild doings at the court of the Merry Monarch. Mrs. Freeman could tell the story of her sister Frances, the most beautiful woman of her time, who, dressed as an orange-girl, went through the streets, and carried notes of assignation in her basket from one box in the theatre to another. Afterwards this lady was married to Tyrconnell, and was the first person who met King James in his flight from the Boyne to Dublin Castle. Anne was sometimes talkative, but usually sullen. Her husband, Prince George, was a good-humoured sot, who always wished for a quiet life and regretted even the trouble of joining William. The Queen, then, was entirely in the hands of Lady Churchill; and we can comprehend how she was bored beyond endurance with accounts of the exploits of the duke—his valour, his services, his loyalty, and disinterestedness. While his enemies abused him, why should his wife stand tamely by and listen?

She was grasping, imperious, and haughty, but fond of her husband—unfashionably fond of him. When her once beautiful hair was gray, and Lord Conynsby proposed for her wealth and rank, the old woman drew herself proudly up and said: "If I were fair and young as I once was, instead of being old and ugly as I am, and you could lay the wealth of an empire at my feet, you should never take that hand which once belonged to Marlborough." With all her art the duchess was not able to hold her own with the Queen, and fought with her at the end of the chapter. It was whispered about court that her grace had a temper, and displayed some of it to her Majesty. She frightened Anne into a sense of her situation, and another favourite was chosen. Then, when too late, did Mrs. Freeman beg, beseech, and even weep, to make friends with Mrs. Morley; but Mrs. Morley was deeply hurt and would listen to no explanation. The only answer the Queen would vouchsafe to her importunities was, "You desired no answer, and you shall have none;" alluding to a saucy expression which the duchess had made use of in addressing her.

Having gallantly given "places aux dames," turn we now to the great captain of his age. From accounts gathered on all sides we can learn that he was a very handsome man, and, as the phrase was then understood, a fine gentleman. His manners were particularly attractive and courtly, and made him a general favourite, when very young, in all the revels of Whitehall. Like the "Young Lochinvar," he became as distinguished in love as in the field, and was a rival of Charles himself for the good graces of the Countess Castlemaine. That lady made him a handsome present of £5,000, and Captain Churchill, with a prudential foresight rather unusual in a gay Lothario, immediately invested it in purchasing for himself an annuity of £500 a year. Macaulay uses a very hard word in speaking of the relations between the captain and the countess, but he has nothing but hard words every where for Marlborough. Churchill certainly owed a great deal of his promotion to the interest of the countess, and was banished in a friendly manner to France, having got a company first in the Guards. When we think of his after career it is curious to consider that his first real service was in the cause of Louis XIV., in putting down the United Provinces. Here he enjoyed the immense advantage of studying the science of war under the greatest military engineer and the most successful generals then in Europe, Vauban, Conde, and Turenne. Marlborough (then plain Colonel or Captain Churchill) was, on one occasion, thanked for his distinguished conduct by Louis, in person, at the head of his army. He returned to England a still more polished gentleman than when he left, from contact with the French court. His political perfidy afterwards is now perfectly established. His promise to bring over the army under his command, to the side of the enemy, is an instance of gigantic treachery. With that, however, and all the other squabbles about him which have engaged the Guelphs and Ghibellines, Whigs and Tories, in endless disputes and recriminations, this article is not ambitious enough to deal, but there is one circumstance in his career that deserves all publicity amongst Irishmen, and is not out of place in an

Irish Journal. So anxious was Marlborough to entice Irish soldiers into his army, that he, on several occasions, communicated with the English cabinet for the purpose of getting such concessions for the Catholics as would reconcile them to the British service. Here is one of his letters to Mr. Secretary Harley, which the reader will find among his letters and despatches, as edited by Sir George Murray :

"I know not where the Irish regiments in the French pay may serve this campaign, but it is likely some of them may come on the Moselle. I believe, in that case, it might not be difficult to influence good numbers to quit that service, if I could be at liberty to give them any encouragement, and, therefore, pray you will take the first opportunity to move the Queen in it at the cabinet; and if my lords of the council think it advisable for her Majesty to take the same measures about them on this side as in Portugal, I pray you will hasten over to me the like powers and other papers, as were sent to the Duke of Schomberg, with what further instructions her Majesty may think fit to give on this subject." The meaning of the allusion to Portugal was this. Under the condition of their deserting, Irish officers were offered the same rank and standing in the Anglo-Portuguese army as they had previously held in the French service. I believe those of our countrymen who would accept of such an offer would only do so upon the understanding that they could afterwards return to Ireland. But this doubtful advantage, it appears, was denied them, and they remained to become naturalized Spanish and Portuguese subjects.

In the diplomatic correspondence of the Right Hon. Richard Hill, envoy at the court of Savoy, during the reign of Queen Anne, the following document has come to light:—"Whereas, there are several of our subjects of our kingdom of Ireland, and other subjects, who now serve in the armies of our enemies, who, we are informed, are willing to quit that service, provided they may be assured of our pardon, and of being entertained in our service, or in the service of our allies; we have, therefore, thought fit to authorize and empower you to give all reasonable assurances that such our subjects, both officers and soldiers, as shall quit the services of our enemies, and come over to the king of Spain, or any other of our allies, shall have our gracious pardon for all crimes and offences committed by them in adhering to or serving under our enemies, and for any crime and offence relating thereto, and that they shall be received and entertained in the service of the King of Spain, or some other of our allies, where they shall best like, in the same quality and with the same pay as they enjoyed under our enemies." This was an excellent *ruse de guerre*, especially at a time when the Irish officers were treated jealously by the French government. But the wild geese would not be decoyed to the farm-yard. The voice of the charmer was a waste of sweetness. They had new hopes and fresh aspirations in the land that welcomed them, perhaps friends there, and many brothers in arms. Some of them may have had French wives, and, considering the traditional temperament of Irishmen, this is not unlikely. It is well for us to know that their courage and prowess attracted the notable attention of Marlborough, and compelled

a concession from the English cabinet which remains an undeniable certificate of their worth and valour.

Marlborough has been reproached with every crime that could occur to those politically his opponents. His friends have sung his praises fulsomely, but have shirked from defending many unworthy accusations brought against him. That he was avaricious, though lavish enough in spending money on himself and his palaces, there can scarcely be a doubt. It is said that his most intimate associate Prince Eugene, when the duke was speaking to him of the loyalty and love he felt for his Queen, turned to some one near him and remarked, *sotte voce*, "His Queen! Yes—Regina Pecunia." It is hard to believe that the victor of Ramillies and Blenheim, was making money upon the sale of bread, entering into contracts with Mr. Solomon Medina and other accommodating Israelites, and selling officers' commissions to the highest bidders, thus pocketing perquisites all manner of ways by which they could become at. Yet, his answers to those charges are very equivocal; and he got badly out of them. In his latter days, deprived of all honours from his government, though still retaining a place in the hearts of the people, he left England and went to live in France. On the death of Queen Anne, he returned and was welcomed with extraordinary enthusiasm by the nation. George I. received him warmly, and Alison says, "was proud to do honour to the chief under whom he himself had gained his first honours on the field of Oudenarde."

Two years before he died Marlborough heard of the death of his daughters, the Countess of Bridgewater and the Countess of Sunderland, both very young, who passed away within a few days of each other. From this shock, (for he appears to have been as affectionate a father as such a great man could have time to be,) he never thoroughly recovered. Not long afterward Garter-King-at-Arms proclaimed his style and titles, with all pomp, over the tomb, and in those words the ceremonial concluded, "Thus, it has pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory world the most high, mighty, and noble prince, John, Duke of Marlborough."

Of the literary men who lived in this age almost all that could be said (and something more) has been already both said and written. Mr. Thackeray, it may be asserted, has led the fashion, and no person was better qualified, he himself having assumed many of the airs and the style of that period. The sound English in which he expresses himself and the sarcasm which has made his reputation, are both of the age of Swift and Addison. Yet, in his lectures he is scarcely grateful to those to whom he is indebted. The only way his exaggerations can be excused is, perhaps, on the following grounds. There is a certain class of lectures where the lecturer is assisted in his recitals by the appropriate aids of music and scenery. Thus, when Mr. Gordon Cumming kills an elephant for an admiring audience, as large, or at any rate, very like a whale, he helps their imagination to conceive its magnitude and his skill, by showing to them an illuminated picture of the performance. The advantages of such an aid are at once obvious. It prevents people from listening with their eyes shut, which should, for evident reasons, be avoided, by giving them some-

thing to look at, and is an immense saving of words, as it is only necessary, generally speaking, to point out with a wand the points of interest, and recite a verse from any popular poem that has as little as possible connection with the subject. Now, a literary lecturer, (unless he professes science, and then he may have as many tricks and apparatus as a conjuror,) is, unfortunately, from the exigencies of convention and usage, deprived of such assistance. He is, then, compelled, to do something that will keep alive the attention of the listeners. If he cannot show them dioramic pictures and introduce an orchestra, he paints a word portrait coarsely, and with glaring colours. The thicker the paint the more effective before the foot-lights; he knows where to put in light and shade, and having daubed away, introduces what more resembles a sign-board than a likeness of the original. As for music, he is never at a loss, as he can take up his own trumpet and blow an obligato upon it any time he likes. In this way it must have been that Mr. Thackeray got up the "English Humorists," and hawked them about England and America. The manner in which he describes Swift is manifestly unjust. Addison, in one of his novels, is put down as a tippler, and Steele as a vagabond. Who will chronicle in a hundred years hence, how many glasses of port the author of "Vanity Fair," takes after dinner, and how much he owes his grocer? With such important matters Mr. Thackeray has occupied himself about the men whose reputation lives fresher than ever, though more than a century has gone by. Literary fame is, indeed, dearly purchased, if there are to be many future satirists like Mr. Thackeray.

It is curious to reflect that, in despite of the perpetual feuds of Whigs and Tories, persons would find leisure to read those delightful essays on "Sir Roger de Coverly" and the classic criticisms upon "Paradise Lost." A leading article in a modern newspaper would scarcely venture upon a merely literary subject or a domestic abuse except its special province was to deal with such matters. Political intelligence and sittings of Parliament, or the grievances, accidents, wonders, and murders of the day, engage its columns. In the time of Queen Anne such a thing as our newspaper was unknown. In the reign of William, so important and horrible an event as the massacre of Glencoe was scarcely noticed in the public journals. The coffee-houses were greatly in vogue. The merits of a poem or a play were there discussed—Pope's last verses, Addison's latest paper, Swift's clever *brochure*, or Dennis's newest diatribe—with as much interest as the movements of Lord Palmerston or the budget of Mr. Gladstone at a modern reform club. It is only when the editor is driven to desperation to furnish the necessary copy, that he now takes to ridiculing the fashions or printing a lament from seven Belgravian mothers, composed by the idle wits of London, or noticing the untimely and prodigious growth of a turnip in some very remote district. But the "Spectator" was the *magister morum* of the day. The manners, habits, and humours of Queen Anne's Cockney subjects are there reflected, as in a mirror, with unequalled fidelity. It gives us an insight into the lives of soldiers, courtiers, politicians, mohawks, theatres, fine ladies, prize-fighters, actors, and demi-reps, and contains an

account of one country gentleman that has won all our hearts. They are ingeniously made to display themselves by writing their own description. A barmaid sends a letter to the "Spectator," and tells all the wiles and coquetish airs by which customers are brought to her counter. Simon Honeycomb is bashful in society, and wishes to know a corrective for his complaint. Nathaniel Henroost is one of that tribe of unfortunates known as hen-pecked, and he makes his bow to the public asking their sympathy. His wife (he says) is pretty, but a vixen. The man is evidently a hopeless case, for he seems rather proud of his miserable condition. In another page Jack Modish complains that London fashions are overrunning the villages, and that, on last Sunday, at church, the rustic beauties were decked out with ribands, like victims for the sacrifice. Isaac Hedgeditch is anxious to be told (Isaac follows the precarious calling of a poacher) how many dogs the "Spectator" considers it would be legitimate to bring into the field, and how many pots of ale it is allowable for a man to drink after the day's sport. Lydia Novell is dying of love. She tells us her beau is a careless fellow, and will never come to the point; he is rich though, and that reconciles Lydia to the delay. Even Doll Tearsheet has a place in this motley company, which is much more numerous than select. Out of the entire you will not find one man thoroughly virtuous, or a woman pretending to be chaste, unless the first has the air of a hypocrite and the second the manners of a prude. Taking this book as a criterion of the state of society in London at the time it came out, there could have been but little improvement since the Restoration.

The plays of the time partook of many of the faults which disgraced those in which Nell Gwynne used to perform; and when the curtain was about to fall the chief actor or the prettiest actress spouted a frothy verse about virtue. No wonder that the ladies flocked to the first representation of a piece when its character was supposed at least to be doubtful, because common modesty forbade their appearance the second time it was played, when its character could not be doubted at all. It would be an unpardonable omission to leave out the name of Swift in a record, however slight, of the days of Queen Anne. He has identified himself with the great movements of parties, is hand-and-glove with those in power, and has stirred the town daily with essays, lampoons, ballads, pasquinades, and witticisms, in all shapes. Every body has had their say about this wonderful dean. People never tire hearing of him. Sir Walter Scott has been his biographer; Roscoe, the historian of Leo the Tenth, has been his editor. The Cathedral in which he held office, the house he lived in, the women who loved him, even the men whom he attacked, have all become interesting because of their having some connexion with him. One feels at a loss, then, to write anything of so recognised a genius that has not been written before. Let us take advantage, however, of that journal to Stella, where he jotted down almost every occurrence of his life—that journal, where he seems almost to think aloud. A happier selection might have been made, but we will follow his movements for a day or two during the month of December 1711. On the first, Swift writes to Stella that he

has an invitation to dine with Mr. Masham. He strolls down early in the morning to White's, the fashionable coffee-house, but is not fortunate enough to meet that gentleman. Lord Wharton sees him in the crowd, but Jonathan pretends not to notice him. My lord will not take the cut, however, and runs through a crowd of impatient bucks over to the dean, catches his hand, and, probably, compliments him on his last book. Mr. Swift believes that his lordship wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang that incorrigible dean. He is very anxious about the printer announcing a second edition of some one or other of his works, and wonders why he does not call; it is most likely a political squib, for he finds a letter on his table from Lord Harley, informing him that Harley's father would wish two small alterations made. Next day he is up early, having an appointment with a needy poet called Frowde, who, for reasons best known to himself, can only come out on Sundays. That squib has made a wonderful noise! Mr. Swift dines with the secretary, and they converse about it over their dinners. The secretary says the Dutch envoy intends to complain of it. The dean is amusingly scared at the sound himself has made; it has taken such astonishing effect people are trying to guess the author. Some lay it to Prior and others to St. John; but Mr. Swift remarks, very innocently, that he himself is the first put down for everything of the kind. It touches the Dutch envoy on so sore a part that he refuses to meet Dr. Davenant, thinking the doctor wrote it. A third edition is required. This one goes to Ireland, to be reprinted in Dublin, read up and laughed over everywhere. At two o'clock, on the 15th, Mr. Swift went to pay his respects to Mrs. Masham. She is at home, but begged to be excused for a while until she tried on a new dress. While waiting, the Lord Treasurer is announced and enters. He immediately commences rallying Mr. Swift, and somehow, though he is a lord treasurer, he seems to get the worst of the badinage. On the 15th, the dean finishes this chapter of his journal from which those extracts have been taken. He wishes his M. D.—his dearest M. D. (Stella)—farewell! He wishes her also a merry Christmas! He sends his love, and, once more, farewell! It is impossible to appreciate the wit of Dean Swift at its full value. So much of it was impromptu, and dashed off for an occasion, that it has now lost its applicability; but many of his sayings are of such true vintage that they have only improved by keeping. If the flavour is sometimes too strong for our more delicate palates, it should be remembered that a spade was only called a spade then, and for many years afterwards. We read that at the tables of most gentlemen the parson was always expected to retire with the ladies, as the conversation after dinner was such that a clergyman could neither join in or listen to. The grand aunt of Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Keith of Ravelstone, when very advanced in years, applied to Sir Walter, then a young man, to get for her the novels of Mrs. Afra Behn. Scott complied with her request, though he could not help feeling some qualms of conscience at supplying an old lady with the most licentious books in the language. He was relieved from all uneasiness, however, as the volumes were returned almost immediately. "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn," said Mrs. Keith;

"and, if you take my advice, put her in the fire. But is it not a strange thing," she added, "that I, a woman of eighty, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to look through a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles of the best company in London."* There is no special-pleading defence here offered for Swift from the accusation of employing language that would not now be tolerated; but, as we see, ladies were not ashamed to read infinitely worse books many years after Swift had died. The Dean of St. Patrick's did not attempt, as Wordsworth said of his own poetry, "to create the taste by which he was to be enjoyed." He found what the taste of the town was, and, as he invariably wrote for a utilitarian and practical purpose, he risked no experiments on fine writing. He used such images and such words as were current in drawing-rooms, in the coffee-houses, in the streets, and in the theatre, and everybody comprehended them. This highly moral and advanced age gives reports of trials and issues advertisements more immodest than anything Swift ever published; and if, in two hundred years hence, that New Zealander of Lord Macaulay should turn over a file of newspapers in one of his museums, when he comes to some of the proceedings in the court of Sir Cresswell Cresswell, he may express himself just as shocked as the virtuous Englishman who cannot bear to hear the name of Swift mentioned in his presence.

There are, in the history of literature, many authors whom their readers are accustomed to look upon in the light of personal friends and favourites. The great poets and historians are mostly excluded from this intimate communion as they seem too superior in intellect to associate with us mere ordinary mortals. No amount of extravagance or careless habits will have the effect of making us shut our doors in the face of a literary scapegrace who is harmless and unselfish, and of whom the old saying holds good, that he is nobody's enemy but his own. Such a man was Sir Richard Steele, such a man was Oliver Goldsmith. Even Macaulay, when he did the vicious work for the Edinburgh Review, softens towards Steele, and calls him "poor Dick" in a tone of affectionate commiseration. Hard-hearted Mr. Thackeray finds occasionally a generous word for the honest fellow, and the only man who ever abused him was that unfortunate Dennis, who abused every one, and *he* was won round, in the end, and absolutely did what he was never known to do before—wrote a civil criticism upon Steele's play of "The Conscious Lovers," but he was so unaccustomed to being civil that it was pronounced the worst thing the Grub street Hack ever produced. Steele is scarcely ever spoken of as Sir Richard; one would almost as soon think of calling rare Ben Jonson by the formal name of Benjamin. That he wheedled Addison out of many a guinea, that he drank it, that he vowed reformation, and never reformed, that he kept queer company and said queer things, and wrote such as but few men, in that Augustan era could write, we are all fully aware, and he is not

* History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles. 1713-1783. By Lord Mahon. Volume seventh.

liked the less for his faults. It is wonderful how Steele kept his writings pure from the taint of his life and his surroundings. Somebody worthy the task, and able, ought to give his biography to the public, with the reading portion of whom he is already a favourite. The most curious incident in his curious career was his trying, as a last resource, to raise money by bringing fresh fish to the market. He was to carry live salmon from the coast of Ireland to London, by means of yawls furnished with deep wells, the wells to contain a sufficient quantity of river water to float the fish. He took out a patent for this scheme in the month of June, 1718, and, together with a Mr. Gilmore, absolutely fitted a vessel with all the necessaries to test his invention. It was a dead failure—literally a dead failure—for not one of the salmon showed the slightest sign of life at the conclusion of the voyage, having been bruised to pieces against the sides of the ship. Dick had to bear the brunt of a year's ridicule on his failure, though, perhaps, he did not take the loss of the money so much to heart, as, in all probability, the most of that belonged to Mr. Gilmore. To linger with Pope would be a pleasant theme, but who is not familiar with his history? The delicate, puny creature, surrounded in his retreat with his books, and his flowers, and his clever friends, with the grotto which he has immortalized in such a beautiful verse, but which, in reality, must have been a damp cave, and, to a dull imagination, haunted by the demons of catarrh and rheumatism—all have been dilated upon until the picture has lost the charm of its novelty. He seems to have been in his childhood in the full sense of the term, precocious. He wrote passable verses when other lads of his age would be trying to stammer through their school tasks. Before he was twenty he frequented the coffee-house, and was gratified with a glimpse of the great Dryden, whom he almost worshipped. At sixteen he conversed with Wycherly and was proud of the honour ever afterwards. But he was far too weak to enjoy the pleasures of dissipation, though he seemed willing enough to indulge in them, for, as he himself tells us, he was at one time

"The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive."

His health compelled him to keep early hours and live moderately, so he remained at home tending his sick mother, who was a confirmed invalid, with a touching care and solicitude, which his biographers have never forgotten to extol. Pope was not destined, however, to be neglected by the world. Even the exclusive world of fashion followed him to his villa at Twickenham, and solaced the heavier hours of the poet with the elegant trifling and gossip then so much in vogue. Though physically weak and puny, Pope had a weapon always at hand for those who insulted him. His very delicacy rendered him doubly sensitive to any slight offered to his person, or to any sneer at his merit as an author. His revenge was scathing. His satire spared no fault or misfortune of its object. It has been said that those whom he so terribly punished deserve somewhat of our pity, even though their offence was great, for that

no guilt could be commensurate with the chastisement he inflicted. Yet he was both generous and kind-hearted, whenever a fair claim was made on his purse. He assisted Dodsley, the publisher, when Dodsley was starting in business with very small means; and he was a good friend to wretched Savage, a clever, but vicious man, who became so besotted in the end, that Pope could not know him, and yet, to the last he helped his necessities, and kept him from starvation. Few authors were so fortunate in securing a respectable income by their profession as Pope. He was enabled to purchase an fortune of £500 a year, which was afterwards found charged on the Duke of Buckingham's estate. The subscriptions he obtained for his translation of Homer were very large; and in June, 1713, he wrote to a friend in Paris to look after a considerable sum,—3,030 livres, and 5,520 livres, which his father had invested in the French funds. The family of Pope, being of the Catholic religion, incapacitated them, in a great measure, from securing any property or moneys they might have, and this would account for their sending to France any available capital. Pope lived into the age when the first of the Georges was King; but I would be travelling beyond the record to follow him in the most interesting portion of his career, and, besides, would be bringing the reader through a beaten path with which every one is acquainted.

W.B.

A ROMANCE OF OLD PARLIAMENT STREET.

No portion of the metropolis has witnessed a longer succession of changes than the line of street which stretches from Essex-bridge to the Exchange. Previous to the middle of the eighteenth century, when Howard, the architect, at the instance of Parliament, projected a plan for "improving and widening the thoroughfare," it consisted of a narrow and tortuous passage, almost impassable by day, and impenetrable at night, (when its curious intricacies were sparsely lighted by reeking oil lamps,) to all save the choice spirits who frequented the taverns with which it abounded. The names of several of those primitive restaurants have been handed down to us, principally in connection with instances of the wit and foibles of their most eminent frequenters. Near the bridge, and under the shadow of the old Custom House, stood for many years, the famous "Sots' Hole," a tavern honoured by the patronage of Dr. Thomas Sheridan, and Dr. King, of Oxford, and we have notices of other eminent places of entertainment scattered up and down the fugitive literature of the seventeenth century. The trade of the street was principally divided between the printers and woollen-drapers, for notwithstanding its uninviting appearance, it appears to have been a place of no small resort. Amongst its inhabitants was George Faulkener, the publisher of the *Dublin Journal*, at whose table Swift was an occasional guest, and whose wooden leg subjected him to the merciless raillery of the humorous writers of the day; and David Hay, Printer to his Majesty, who carried

on business for a considerable period at the sign of the King's Arms. On the western side of the street, near Essex-gate, lived, in the year 1740, James Hoey. He was a Catholic publisher of respectable standing, and the proprietor of a newspaper, *The Dublin Mercury*, which attained, under his careful direction, an amount of public influence that caused it to be chosen as the official organ of the Irish Government during the brief viceroyalty of Lord Townshend. Hoey, it would seem, contrived, whilst satisfying all the demands of his conscience, to bask in the sunshine of the patronage of the public and of the government. His contributing staff numbered in its ranks no less personages than Marlay, the Dean of Ferns; Courtenay, subsequently made a treasury commissioner; and Jephson, whose posthumous fame as a dramatist has been regulated, with little regard to his own credit, by the judgment of posterity.

It was a warm period in the politics of Dublin, or rather in the politics of the country of which Dublin, in virtue of its rank as metropolis, was the controlling guide and centre. The *Freeman's Journal* was in the hands of the celebrated Dr. Lucas, with whom the notion of making the press a systematic weapon to be wielded in defence of the public liberties, appears to have first originated. A long and brilliant controversy obtained between the wits of the *Mercury* and the heavy artillery of the *Freeman*, in which the rival talents exerted themselves to the utmost; and their readers were kept charmed by a contest in which the logic on one side was equalled by the dexterous humour on the other. In the midst of this excitement, daily familiar with the click of the types and the creaking of the presses in her father's office, Elizabeth, Hoey's youngest daughter, grew up in all that matchless perfection of form and accomplishment of mind which secured her a foremost place amongst the beauties and amiabilities of the day. We are told that her form was of slender and exquisite mould, that her features were regular, except that her nose was coquetishly retroussé; that her eyes were blue, and her hair of a deep straw colour, almost inclining to golden. She was reputed to have the finest hands of any woman in the empire, so small as not to be fitted by gloves of ordinary size; and her slipper supplied Daly, the patentee of Crow Street Theatre with a model of the celebrated slipper in the extravaganza of *Cinderella*. Of her education, we know that she was mistress of Italian and French, a capital musician, and a landscape painter of no small merit. Thus fortified for society and the world, Elizabeth, at a very early age, became a pet lioness in the literary and even in the aristocratic circles of her native city, where she was caressed as a prodigy, and where those far-seeing, but often self-deluded prophets, who pretend to detect the germ of a whole forest in a grain of mustard seed, were not slow to predict for her a future of triumph and happiness. Fortunately for her own peace, her good sense preserved her from being carried away by the gallantries and polite attentions which she encountered on every side. She avoided display with a nervousness springing from an innate sense of refinement, preferring the society of her sister Grace, a prudent and an amiable girl, and her senior by a few years, to all the attractions which the world could afford her.

Mr. Hoey was tenderly attached to both his daughters, and felt a justifiable pride in the triumphs of the younger. His wife died early; and a better motive than mere vanity might be ascribed to the pleasure with which he congratulated himself on the fruits of the care bestowed on the culture of his children.

It was an evening of July, 1788, and a family party were seated round the tea-table in the front drawing-room, over the *Mercury* printing office. Besides the immediate members of the family, there was present Gabriel Guestier, a young gentleman of French extraction, and largely connected with the wine trade of Bordeaux. Opposite him sat Charles Talbot, an Englishman, of some twenty five years, with a wild, artist-like expression of head and face, and a pair of dark eyes, whose depths grew luminous with a suppressed fire whenever they turned on Elizabeth, as she sat with her back to the window, her pretty hand trifling with the gilt pendants of the tea urn. Above the fire-place, was an oval glass in an antique frame, surmounted by a burning phoenix, (one of the conventional atrocities of the period.) Gabriel's eyes were fixed with a sort of quiet fascination on the mirror, and his object in watching it would scarcely be guessed by one not aware that the glass reflected the profile of Grace Hoey. Grace loved him, and never did human passion meet with a more tender and earnest requital. The attachment had the sanction of her father: and it had been arranged that, before Winter, the young people should commence the world together; he strong in her love—she upheld by the nobleness of her reliance. Poor Elizabeth had a swarm of admirers, addicted to sonneteering and guitaring, but as yet no recognized lover! The men whom she met were either too sarcastic or too foppish to win the heart of a woman who prided herself, above all things, on her proper appreciation of character. All her experience had tended to make her only

“A student of happy faces, a lover of none.”

It is a singular phenomenon of the heart, that when it feels most indifferent, it is most in danger. The cord snaps where we thought it soundest; the road turns at a point whence we anticipated miles of perspective. So it was with Elizabeth. She had sunned her pretty person in the smiles of a Viceroy without feeling a single craving for his throne and coronet; and now (oh, inscrutable heart!) she was to fall a victim to the dark eyes of Charles Talbot, a poor and unknown artist!

They had been acquainted only a few months at the date of our story. Charles had sought employment from her father on the strength of a letter of recommendation, furnished him by the Earl of Shrewsbury, a nobleman of whom Mr. Hoey had heard something from his friend the Viceroy. This introduction, backed by various proofs of his skill as a designer, procured him a ready and warm reception from the publisher, by whom he was immediately employed to illustrate an edition of Montaigne, printed for select circulation, at the instance of a French gentleman, residing in Dublin. A few days sufficed him to win the esteem and confidence of his employer, at whose table we found him on the abovementioned evening.

Mr. Hoey had fallen asleep in a large and luxuriously-cushioned arm-chair placed at the right of the fire. The twilight thickened in the room, and Elizabeth rose and placed lights on the table.

"Pray, Mr. Talbot," she asked, "how old is your friend, the earl?"

Charles smiled. "I should think he cannot be much older than I—that is to say about the same age. We are very intimate."

"Your aristocracy, of course, improve upon acquaintance," said Guestier, with a quiet sneer, intended to reflect upon Talbot's patron. "Must mountains be always viewed from a distance?"

"That," replied Talbot, uttering his words rapidly, "depends in many instances on the taste of the observer. Like all other institutions, our aristocracy have mixed qualities—they are good and bad. You may compare some of them to capital Champagne, and others to very flat Bordeaux."

Grace reddened visibly, whilst the grey eyes of Guestier dilated on the speaker.

"Persons of quality, I should think, Mr. Talbot," exclaimed Grace, are too often apt to mistake sarcasm for wit, in the effort to make a figure amongst their acquaintances. I vow it is hard to blame them, when one remembers the flatteries by which they are surrounded.

It was Elizabeth's turn to speak. Evidently annoyed by the course the conversation had taken, and wishing to alter it, she exclaimed, "Saints, you are a pretty set of moralists to meet at a tea-table! Your talk is as dull as the last vaudeville. Come, answer me, Mr. Talbot—is this mighty earl handsome—is he refined?"

"Neither, I assure you," answered Talbot. "Take him for all-in-all, he might escape the envy of the men and the praises of the women, at a drum or a rout."

"Is he a brilliant talker, then—good at *bon mot* and repartee?"

"Well, so, so, Miss Hoey. He once turned, to my knowledge, a pretty epigram for a cat's collar—Lady Titfaddle's cat. S'death, and who'd take him to be a man of parts?"

"Married, of course, Mr. Talbot?" put in Grace, in a tone of elaborate carelessness.

"The gods have ordained otherwise. He is as single as a cane without the ivory, Miss Hoey. Gad, how some men escape and others are meshed might furnish matter for a second *Tatler*!"

"It is very obvious that your patron has very little of your affection, Mr. Talbot," said Guestier, as he handed Elizabeth the snuff dish. "He was a wise man who sought to be saved from his friends—eh?"

"Mr. Guestier misapprehends," replied Talbot, lifting the cup to his lips. "If the earl favour me, am I, for that reason, to become the gazette of his parts and goodnesses? Ah, I'd rather be a kitten, and cry 'mew,' as somebody says, than play the lacquey to any man's whimsicalities."

"Your spirit does you credit, Mr. Talbot," said Elizabeth. "I wish it were more commonly diffused amongst us."

"Bless me, how long have I slept?" said Mr. Hoey, starting up in his chair, and looking with some surprise at his guests.

Talbot rose, shook hands with Grace and Elizabeth, in whose fingers his own lingered for a moment, bowed slowly to Guestier, and took his departure. He was quickly followed by Grace's lover, and, Mr. Hoey having retired, the girls found themselves alone. Elizabeth had fallen into a reverie whilst examining the ornamentation on a cup of green Venetian glass. She was startled by her sister's voice.

"Liz, dear," said Grace, "isn't that Talbot a haughty creature. I could have boxed his ears over that bad Bordeaux metaphor."

"Elizabeth looked up and smiled at her sister's vivacity. "Would you have him hold his tongue, pet, when Mr. Guestier grew so pointed? Surely, all's fair in war, or the proverbs have fibbed for ages."

"A fico for your proverbs! I should have so liked to pull the wicked creature's black forelock when he turned that savage look on Gabriel," and Grace stamped her slipper on the carpet with pretty vehemence.

"My own Grace," said Elizabeth, with a voice full of pathos, as she flung her arms around her sister's neck, and looked in her face, "you speak daggers, but use none. You must not speak ill of *him* for my sake. Will it promise me?"

One step from the hearth, and Grace confronted her sister with a look of sublime triumph—"You love him!" she exclaimed, "that artist fellow. Oh! Titania, Titania! the gods release thee from this ugly spell!"

"You are most ungracious," cried Elizabeth, whose blood was suddenly roused by the last insinuation against her lover. "He deserves no such reproach from you, from me, from any one."

"The little spiteful," said Grace, in a soothing, patronising tone, "will not even have her sister joke with her. But, pet, seriously speaking, this will not do. We must look up, not down. It would break his heart, (and she pointed to the empty chair of Mr. Hoey) if you, gifted and accomplished, and pretty withal, became the wife of a man of inferior station. You must not think of it, sweet—must not."

Elizabeth sighed, and running her fingers over the water glasses set upon a table under the windows, hummed this stanza from a popular ballad of the time:

"I know not if he love me; I know not
If sweet approaches meet with cruel blows;
O! heart, with him I'd gladly share my lot,
Taking the world as it goes."

For a moment she looked at her sister, who stood before her, puzzled and irresolute as to what she should say, then taking her candle, she whispered a quick "good-night," and left the room. Grace looked mournfully after her for a moment, and shook her head thoughtfully. "How true," quoth she, "was the crooked moral of the gold finder! The fellow went to gather stones for a fence and found the materials of a fortune. Lucky Talbot! Heigh ho!" and, sighing to herself, she left the room.

Six months have passed away. Talbot and Guestier are cool friends. One is proud of his money and mercantile position, the other glories in his art, and has grown so sarcastic that Guestier, unable to compete with such a rival, quits the field in silence. Grace, notwithstanding her sympathy with her vanquished lover, begins to like Talbot, who was one of those happy men that improve upon acquaintance. There was an easy dignity about his manners that fascinated the fastidious eyes of the young lady, and puzzled her sorely as to how the owner acquired them. As for our poor Elizabeth she feared to reflect on the hold he had taken on her heart. To her the world meant only Charles Talbot. She never told her love; but he guessed rightly when he declared his, and received in return the blessed assurance which is the noblest requital sought by a man's heart.

A brilliant party had assembled one evening about the middle of autumn in Jephson's rooms, in Exchange-alley. Amongst the guests were Mr. Hoey, Grace, Elizabeth, and Guestier. The rooms were divided from each other by crimson hangings, slightly drawn aside, so as to expose the inside apartment to the company assembled in the front. It was the era of hoops and feathers, lappets and rouge. The rustle of silk, poplin, and brocade made a pleasant murmur; and the light of sixty candles, fixed in silver candelabra, flared down upon the picturesque groups as they moved across the polished floors. Elizabeth had seated herself behind a dowager-like lady deeply intent on a game of loo, and watched the cards with a quiet interest until her ear was struck by a well-known laugh in the next room. Suddenly a chorus of voices exclaimed, "Bravo!—good, a hit, a hit." A group gathered around a table, on which were placed drawing materials opened, and in its midst she saw Talbot wiping off some pencil stains from his delicate fingers. He had sketched a caricature of Charles Lucas, with whom the wits of the *Mercury* were then at war; and the resemblance was so ludicrously perfect as to elicit the plaudits of those to whom it was passed around. Guestier examined the crayon and his malignant eye at once detected its striking resemblance to Mr. Hoey.

"May I reckon on your goodness, Mr. Talbot," he asked, "to make this sketch my property?"

"Pshaw, a mere bagatelle—curl-paper; do what you like with it, my dear sir," replied Talbot.

"You have too low an opinion of your own talents, Mr. Talbot," said Guestier, taking a pencil and writing the words "Old Hoey," below the drawing. "You have placed me, for the first time, under a handsome obligation to yourself."

"I cry quits," said Charles, with considerable vivacity. "I cry quits; ta, ta," and he waved his hand to Guestier, as the latter rejoined the ladies.

"What do you think of that—fine performance—eh; admirable fidelity, Miss Hoey?"

Elizabeth blushed from her chin to her turban. "Is Mr. Talbot the artist?" he asked,— "is Mr. Talbot the artist?"

"Jove, he is," replied Guestier. "Everyone knew it at a glance. But what do those angry brows mean?"

"I am very ill," said Elizabeth; "oh, Mr. Guestier, oblige me and call a chair."

"I am sorry you should leave us, Miss Hoey, on so short a warning. May I offer you an ice?"

"Oh, pray, call a chair, I am so faint," and Elizabeth leant back with an air of pain and exhaustion.

Guestier had scarcely left the room when Charles came to seek her. "I've come, dear, to ask you for one little camelia out of that gorgeous bouquet. Eh, you refuse! Pray what have I done, Elizabeth?"

"Did you sketch this caricature?" she asked, without lifting her eyes, "I scarcely give you credit for so vile a performance."

"I must plead guilty to that indiscretion, Elizabeth."

"Indiscretion! Mr. Talbot. I should blush to say what I think of it."

"And—why——?"

"Is not the offence obvious? You have dared to caricature one whom not only I, but all who know him, esteem and love."

"Chair ready, Miss Hoey," cried Guestier, from the door.

"I hate scenes," she continued, "and will not rehearse one for the benefit of the company, to give the town talk for a fortnight—but——"

"Can there be any unfortunate misapprehension, Elizabeth? For goodness' sake judge me not so wildly! Do you ——"

"Chair, Miss Hoey, the links will go out in the draughts," cried Guestier, who watched the altercation with ill-disguised interest.

"I know all," said Miss Hoey, as she gathered her train over her arm, "and oblige me by not calling again when you have reason to think I am at home. You are too well bred to misunderstand me."

Talbot grew white. "And all for a silly caricature of a stupid oaf!" he said.

Elizabeth turned round sharply, and her words came thick and rapid:—

"It wanted but this insult, Mr. Talbot, to fill up the measure of your ingratitude; go, sir. In forcing an outrage on my best friend, you have lost all claim to my respect, for ever and for ever," and, so saying, she passed from the room clothed in all the majesty of anger.

Talbot saw her take Guestier's arm as they descended the stairs. A flower dropped from her bouquet: he hastened to pick up the precious relic of the light that had passed from him for ever, and place it in his bosom. The world seemed to have darkened suddenly on his soul, and he shivered in the new desolation which compassed him round.

"Doing the philosopher in satin breeches," said a friendly voice, as a friendly hand clapped him on the shoulder. He turned round and beheld Jephson standing beside him, a gleam of malignant humour in his eyes.

"Gad! yes," said Talbot. "Deuced weary, isn't it? Is there a bumper of claret under Olympus?"

* * * *

They were weary days and nights for Elizabeth Hoey, since she had parted in anger with Charles Talbot, since her sister had left her to become the mistress of a strange home, and the daisies grew upon her father's grave in a suburban churchyard. Often and bitterly she repented the unmerciful way in which she had treated him, who, with all his faults, (and they were as few as angelic visitations) loved and revered her. Against him there was but one damning accusation; and her resentment was somewhat sanctified by the honour due to a parent's memory. Frequently, looking back upon her past life and shuddering at the dreariness of the years before, she would forgive Talbot, passionately praying, in her innermost heart, that he might return, and be reconciled to a heart from which his sin had too long estranged him. And then came a revelation which ate to the very root of her peace of mind, and made her life an imitation of the old fruit, whose rind glows with crimson and vermilion, while the worm gnaws at its core. Charles Talbot was innocent! Grace's husband had divulged the secret, in a fit of confidence, and his wife, in sheer pity, communicated it to her sister. It was the beginning of an epoch of misery and self-reproach, from which all justification of her past conduct, was rejected. Her heart was sickened when it contemplated, not only her own sufferings, but the pain and humiliation of one whom, a harmless jest had driven from her side for ever. Thus the months waned, and the years broadened into increase, and the rose left the cheek of Elizabeth Hoey. She became weak and despondent; and to assuage her melancholy accepted an invitation from the Walkers, friends resident in London, in the poor hope that the gaiety and variety of the metropolis of the world, might charm away the cares which threatened to sap the foundations of her life. Alas, for human expectations! In the new world to which she was introduced, she felt lonelier and sadder than ever; its vastness overpowered her—its lack of sympathy but superadded to the sorrows of heart and brain. Poor Elizabeth!

Descending one evening, with a half dozen friends, the approach leading to an exhibition of engravings in Fleet street, she recognized Charles Talbot. He was paler and thinner than when last she saw him; his dress was on the verge of shabbiness, and his whole exterior wore an air of misery and want. Unconsciously, he came within the circle of light shed from a lamp, in the centre of the hall, so close to her that she could hear him breathe, so close that the sleeve of his threadbare coat touched the dainty velvet in which her shoulders were enfolded. Elizabeth's heart beat violently and quickly, she would have given worlds to speak to him, but one word—one little word to interpret the horrible past, and win his forgiveness. A rush of carriages swept by the doors pressing back the crowd and dividing the poor girl from her companions. She had lifted her hand to touch Talbot's arm when a man, shabbier than even he, approached familiarly, and with a rough touch to his hat addressed him:—

"About that little affair, Mr. Talbot, the seventy-four, you know!—can't wait no longer must sponge you to-morrow, as I'm a gentleman."

Talbot laughed sarcastically. "My good fellow, follow your instructions

and don't mind me. 'Tis deuced hard for a man to be put between the lion's jaws for a trifle, but, gad! there's no helping it."

"Seventy-four pounds is an ugly touch, you know, sir. Sponge we must;" and the speaker dropped his stick by way of emphasis.

"There, don't bother me," said Talbot, drily. "I presume, you charge nothing for fresh air in your bastille, eh? and, as for your table, I defy you to annoy me, thanks to Duke Humphry. Zooks, will they ever let us out of this place?"

"I'll tip you a look in the morning," said the shabby stranger. "Let me see," he continued, producing a greasy note-book, "fourteen Eldred street. Be able to stump, sir?"

"Won't promise," said Talbot, in a careless way. "If the sky rain larks to-night, I'll hawk them at a groat a dozen, to-morrow, and refund with interest. *Bon soir*," and, before Elizabeth could arrest his progress, he had plunged through the crowd and disappeared, leaving her miserable and bewildered.

Miserable and bewildered, but not irresolute, with a woman's keenness she comprehended the full drift of the interview she had inadvertently overheard, and with the morning's sun, the necessary sum, enclosed in the following letter, was sent, by a special messenger, to her old lover:

"DEAR MR. TALBOT—At the exhibition of engravings, last night, I encountered you on the stairs, and was an unwilling listener to a conference between yourself and a gentleman who, you will pardon me for presuming, was an unwelcome intruder. May the enclosed satisfy him; pray be my debtor until better days.

"ELIZABETH HOEY."

"P. S. I believe I did you great wrong in the matter touching the caricature of Mr. Lucas. I am very miserable—callous to consolation.

"E. H."

"P. S. Can I be of any assistance to you at present? If I have the ability, pray do not spare me.

"E. H."

Talbot's answer was despatched quickly.

"DEAR MISS HOEY—May I call you, as I once did, dear Elizabeth? Your gracious kindness overwhelms me; I can hardly imagine that the dear hand which wrote the lines you have sent is the same hand, a little wave from which, on a wretched occasion, condemned me for 'ever and for ever' to a life of hopeless misery. Oh, if you could but adequately comprehend the wrong you have done me that my forgiveness might have treble the worth it has! You know me to be poor, yet neither poverty nor ridicule can make me resign, unless you wish it, the claims I once enjoyed to your affections, or make me other than,

"Your very devoted,

"CHARLES TALBOT."

"P. S. By Jove, I go to your house to-day, to look after some old engravings which your friends are anxious to have preserved. Pray don't deny me the pleasure of even seeing you. I come at two."

She is seated, our poor Elizabeth is, in the drawing-room, before the engravings which in a few minutes shall be blessed by the critical eyes of Talbot. She almost dreads to meet him; every step in the street, every knock at the door, every sound on the stairs fills her heart with indefinable tumults. The hands of the French clock on the bracket at last point to the hour; the doors of the room fly back, and Mr. Talbot is announced. In one swift glance she perceives that his attire is altered, considerably for the better, that his coat is of slashed velvet, and his hat of the newest fashion. Mr. Talbot walked to the middle of the room, raised his hat to his chest and bowed elaborately.

"I dread, for many reasons, Miss Hoey, that I am an intruder here. Will you have the goodness to tolerate my presence for a few minutes, whilst I examine this bit of Albert Durer?"

"Pray, have the goodness to consider me as not present," said Elizabeth, mortified by the coldness of his address.

"I am under so many obligations to Miss Hoey that this condescension makes me feel I am an extortioner—with nothing to lend. Heigh ho!"

"Your sensitiveness is exquisite, Mr. Talbot. By the way, this is the picture, and that, when you have satisfied yourself, is the door."

Talbot laughed, mounted a chair, opened a small glass, and fell to an investigation of the picture—"Death and the Knight." Elizabeth took up a volume of Dryden, and in a trice was apparently buried deep in its beauties. She could have thrown herself without the slightest reserve at Talbot's feet, only that she feared he might spurn her with disdain. And then, how inexplicable his conduct! Urged by an impulse, she could not control, she raised her head, and beheld him sitting on the chair, his arms folded, his eyes fixed intensely on her. She rose to leave the room, when his voice arrested her.

"Elizabeth, dear, dear Elizabeth, it is three years since we met—three long years, love; and though you condemned me wrongly, I never once blamed you—never allowed a reproach to rise to my lips, for it would belie my heart and humiliate myself. I have been wronged, not by you, but by one who is too low for generosity. God forgive him! This night I leave Europe—perhaps, for ever; but before I say good-bye to the land which holds all that's dear to me under heaven—which holds you—I conjure you to say if you love me? Let me hear the truth, though it were death. I conjure you do? Wretched and poor as I may be, the knowledge that, of all the world, at least some one cares for me will be as a staff and a light in the desert I am facing."

What could poor Elizabeth do. He stood before her, his head sunken on his chest, his eyes on the floor, his hands hanging purposeless at his sides. She remembered how dear he was to her in the old time in Parliament street, when he formed the heroic ideal of her youth, she thought of his patient suffering, his manly grief, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed at the bidding of a divine impulse—"Charles—I do—if my heart be of any worth—you—you, alone have it."

"God bless you for this," he said. "And, if I lived in the old world, dear, toiling and labouring, you at my side, might I claim you by a still holier title, and call you, my own—my wife?"

Elizabeth turned her face on his shoulder, and wept.

Again the doors were thrown open and Mr. Walker entered.

"My lord," said that gentleman, "you surprise me. I had no notion, when you came to examine my Albert Durer, that you and my sweet friend were acquainted. 'Gad, Eliza, is it fair to ask where you've known the Earl of Shrewsbury?"

"The Earl of Shrewsbury!" exclaimed Elizabeth, starting back and gazing with a white terror on Talbot. "Oh, you jest with me, Charles; they jest with me, do they not?"

"Is the jest unpleasant, dear? Being an earl, am I less a man? You've known me as Charles Talbot: to that name I am privileged to add Earl of Shrewsbury. Mr. Walker, allow me to have the happiness of introducing you to the future countess," and Charles led Elizabeth up to her friend.

"Shame on you," said Elizabeth, and she laughed till her teeth flashed. "Shame on you for the wicked imposition you played off last night."

"A *ruse*, sweet, and I faith a neat one. May your loan be placed at interest?"

Elizabeth frowned and turned away.

"I hear a sound of marriage bells!" said Mr. Walker, jocosely.

"'Gad, you hear a month off—doesn't he, Liz?" said the earl, playfully.

Elizabeth made an inaudible reply, which no one heard, and we cannot be expected to chronicle; but that day month the daughter of the printer of Old Parliament-street became Countess of Shrewsbury.*

A DEAR OLD FRIEND.

High up in the quarter Recouville,
In a chamber that looks to the north,
I sit by the stove in the twilight,
The loneliest soldier on earth.
Little's left but a few tattered volumes,
The shreds of my blue-collared cloak,
And a stuffed dog that sits on the sofa,
That dog was my poor gallant Roq,

'Twas in red-cheeked September I bought him,
For a franc-and-a-half, on the quay,
From a gamin of Paris who stole him
In return for arrears of his pay.

*.The fact is related in Gilbert's "History of Dublin."

So I carried him home in the darkness,
Not a howl from the little beast broke,
As we stole through the streets, dumb and cautious,
Myself and my poor, gallant Roq.

Scarce a moon had gone round the tall chimneys,
When the fellow grew lusty and stout,
Even dared with that cat of Jean Bouli,
Our neighbour, to venture a bout ;
How they quarrelled, and grumbled, and scrambled
On the roof, in the midst of the smoke,
Whilst I leant from the sill of the attic,
And cheered on my poor, gallant Roq !

I was then a poor hack of a student,
With scarcely a son of my own,
But, somehow, Fate always provided
For me and the youngster a bone.
One day, in her haste, she forgot us,
So my dog to the hardship awoke,
And, mounting the tiles, fetched three sparrows,
My gallant, affectionate Roq.

All day, whilst I read by the window,
He'd sit, on a stool, by my side,
Like a bearded philosopher, eyeing
The groups in the faubourg outside.
Not a dog in the whole of grand Paris
Could a howl from my darling provoke,
For he knew we should study in silence,
Myself and my dear little Roq.

Sagacious, accomplished, and ready,
He'd balance a quill on his nose,
Fetch a loaf from Desmartin's, the baker,
Or pluck, without spoiling, a rose.
He was even the Cupid that carried
My billets to Geneviève Loque ;
Oh, was there a dog in the empire
A match for my versatile Roq ?

Well, the star of Napoleon was waning,
For the eagles were weary of flight,
And their red wings were scorched up at Moscow,
In the blaze of its funeral night.

Drum and tabor were rattled at Paris
"Give me men," exclaimed France, "or I'm broke!"
So we rushed to her standard to save her—
Myself and my jubilant Roq.

For a time he was shy of the barrack,
And pined for the quiet of home,—
Fled the glitter of musket and bayonet,
And howled back the black cannon's boom,
(When it clattered at dusk o'er the city;)
But soon to his duty he woke,
And marched at the head of our legions,
With the airs of a marshal—did Roq.

Ah, well I remember the evening,
We two fellows went to take leave
Of a friend in the square of St. Simon—
Our darling grisette Geneviève.
She patted his head, as we parted,
And he looked till his eye almost spoke,
And he stuffed his black nose in her fingers
The cute, sly, affectionate Roq.

Sharp, sharp, rang the bugles thro' Paris,
"For Belgium—*allons!*" was the cry:
Up, up went the blood-plumed eagles,
To flutter an hour in the sky—
Up, up went the dog of my bosom,
On his broad back I buckled my cloak,
As he tramped at the head of our legions,—
The proudest amongst them was Roq.

Ah, curse on the day when the Empire
Was laid in red Waterloo's dust!
Ah, curse on the mad deeds in Russia—
A curse on ambition and lust!
For I swear, if our swords kept from hacking
The glorious Republican oak,
Beside me, to-night, sound and living,
Would sit my affectionate Roq.

From morning till evening, our legions,
Horsemen, and footmen, and guns,
Were dashed on the squares of the British,
And smashed their array more than once;

For our lancers leapt over their bayonets,
From the deep gulfs of lightning and smoke
And chief in the midst of the charges
Was my most invincible Roq.

"*Voilà ! bravo ! mon chien,*" cried Napoleon,
"If we punish these rascals to-day,
I'll make the brave beast a field-marshal,
And put him on permanent pay.
Look—look how he tussles that sergeant !"
And he lifted his hat as he spoke,
And I turned, with a heart full of triumph,
To look on my valorous Roq.

Ere nightfall, our banners were blasted,
And dragged to the ground by defeat ;
To the roar of the battle, back thundered
The echoes of fugitive feet.
"Let the guards take the heights," cried Napoleon,
Alas ! 'twas his last master stroke ;
But I carried his words to the marshals
Myself and my valorous Roq. :

Like a dark cloud blown landward from Biscay,
Up the stiff slope the mighty host strode
On plumage, on helmet, and cuirass,
The rays of the setting sun glowed.
The hill-top was gained when a hell fire
From the ranks of the enemy broke,
My right leg was smashed, and a bullet
Was lodged in the heart of poor Roq.

He died, as he lived, like a soldier—
His bloodied mouth glued to my face ;
He died, as he lived, in his duty,
The glory—the star of his race.
I bore him that night from the battle,
Wrapped stiff in the folds of this cloak ;
O Geneviève ! would that thy promise
Were true as the faith of poor Roq !

CAVIARE.

THE PERFIDY OF PAREZ.

AN EPISODE OF IRISH HISTORY.

It was a great hall that, in the castle of the Geraldines, and around it were strewn the remnants of the feast, as the red gleams of the summer sun slanted upward through the lanceolated windows. Two men sat together, speaking earnestly, at the table next the dais. One was tall and muscular, with a profusion of dark hair, which fell down in heavy folds upon his shoulders. His face was as fair as a woman's, and the red and curling lip was hardly covered by the delicate lines of a budding moustache. This, the younger of the two speakers, was a handsome man, and seemed by his air and manner to adopt the tone of a superior in his address to his companion, who was a being of a different stamp, hardly of the middle height, but built in the frame of a giant, his appearance was by no means prepossessing. A cicatrix which extended across his face disfigured it with its ungraceful seam. Bearded like a pard, the lower portion of his countenance was perfectly undistinguishable; and, from the mass of hair, his maimed nose, and gleaming eyes scarcely were noticable. The front of his head was perfectly bald, but over the rest of the round and well-turned cranium the black crop budded out in innumerable short, crisp curls. He leant across the well-covered board, where wines and pasties were profusely spread, as he spoke,

"I'll tell you what it is, Master Governor," he said, "the plan is a grand plan, and I'm no fool that tells ye so. Why, man, there is a crown at the end of it, a right royal and goodly crown, and our Lord Thomas is the prince to wear it; and wear it he will, with the blessing of St. Bride and the brave right arm of Ireland. By my faith, it is a rare day to see!"

"But, suppose," replied the other, "that those Irish chiefs, the O'Byrnes, the O'Briens, and the other O's and Macs should pursue their old game of fight dog, fight bear, and will not enter the coalition, what becomes of our master then?"

"I suppose nothing of the sort, sir seneschal," answered the stalwart fellow. "I suppose nothing of the sort. The Lord Thomas is a politic man, and a brave withal as ever I saw yet; and I have seen your heroes tried on land and sea more than any other who stands on Irish ground, for I've been fighting from my cradle up, and have scored my years in scars. Well I know that this Geraldine is fit to lead any men who ever walked out from a fortalice, I don't care where they are; and I know that, fit as he is to lead in the field, he is as fit to lead in the council, and his days in council will come when he runs Skeffington, the Gunner, back to Britain."

"But, now, Captain Rook," began the other——

"I told you before, Parez, not to call me that wretched name," said his companion, bringing his fist down with a force upon the table which made the board ring again. "O'Rourke is mine and my father's name

before mine. I am an Irishman, and no half-bred who desires to ape the manners or titles of the foreigner. Look at me, man, is there anything to jest at about me? I'll not take it if there be. I'm a son of the land and will serve it, and own my service in my lineage, as men know it, in spite of Dane or devil! O'Rourke you'll call me."

"Well, your countrymen are fiery enough, Captain O'Rourke," answered Parez, "but you are more fiery than your countrymen; however, we won't quarrel about names. In continuance of our conversation, however, it appears to me that this good Castle of Maynooth is the key of the position upon which you found all those glories you picture for the Lord Thomas in the crown and rule of Ireland."

"Aye, aye, Parez. Now you talk business; so it is, sir governor, so it is. Keep Willy Skeffington here, as you can keep him for many a month. Keep him before your gates, and Kildare will have every lord of the Pale and every reasonable lord out of the Pale, under his banner before winter. He is gathering them even now fast enough. I'll sweep the seas and guard the Bay of Dublin, whilst the miserable, hybrid, white-livered dogs of the city will be starved into obedience. Trust me, I've kept them pretty hungry, for so far, in capturing their supplies from England; and I'll set a devil at them, in the shape of an O'Byrne and his mountain gathering, who will keep his eye on provisions coming landward, and make a good account of them too. Given four months in this fashion, and we are at council in Dublin Castle and a green banner fluttering out of its highest tower. A green banner, man, d'ye hear me, Parez? a green banner and no mistake; and, whilst I'm to the fore, who'll pull it down? Pah! you're moody, fill a beaker, and drink the chill off yourself. The man's not honest who never dips his beard in wine like this."

"Nay, nay! Captain," replied Parez; "never make such sweeping denouncements of sober men who like to keep their heads cool, and think for you, hot-brained spirits."

"Cool heads to cool plots," answered O'Rourke. "I can think as well as fight, and I'm a lover of the red juice of the grape; but I never think villany, which is a weakness I own my heart does not allow me. Drink, man! and be honest."

"Well, O'Rourke, did I not know your reckless talk, I should draw my good Toledan blade in answer to your exhortation, but we'll let it pass—we'll let it pass. However, I don't drink for all that."

"Well, don't drink, Parez, and I'll take your measure and my own. Your health, man!" The captain lifted the tankard to his lips and quaffed its contents to their last drop. "Gone, as I'm a sinner," said he; "gone, and I go too—to bed. I'll dream how I got through the sentinels of the Gunner's force in the morning twilight, when they dozed upon their posts, and did one of my tricks of war in relieving a beleaguered fortress—with news. Good night! You'll be constable of Connaught yet for us, when we hold the soil from sea to sea. We'll make you chancellor, as I'm a sinner; for you're rogue enough for the post!"

Grasping the hand of the seneschal, Captain O'Rourke staggered out

of the room and strode up the stairs to the upper chamber of the great tower, where he was to take his repose.

His companion sat still as he had left him until the sound of the loud slamming of a door announced the arrival of the doughty captain at his nocturnal destination, and then, slowly rising from his chair, he looked in the direction where O'Rourke had vanished, and, muttering under his teeth, paced up and down the dusky chamber.

"Soh!" he said, "the rude, coarse, unmannered dog half sees his blind way through my ready wit. That I know, at all events. 'Cool heads to cool plots,' he mumbled. 'Aye! cooler than he wots of withal. Why should I, Christopher Parez, seneschal of the fortalice of Maynooth, in the name of the Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, not make my way to be something more than the great man's great man? Have I not a brain as keen, an arm as strong, a sword as true, as he about whom all the pother is made, and for whom a crown is looming in the golden future? Pah! why should I not speak plainer here? Am I not more than the serf of the rash oaf, whose folly is only equalled by his pride? To-morrow, if he were lord of all the land, what would I be or who would I be more than a lackey in this prince's antechamber? and yet I have the key of the position now! The game of the sceptre is in my hand; the gold of the crown rests in the prowess of this arm. The dolt just gone knows that as well as I do! The wit of this plodding brain must make or unmake this haught Geraldine, and can it not be more skilfully exerted for myself? Hum! that is a thought worth revolving."

The speaker paced up the length of the apartment with slow and measured footsteps, and became silent, as if in commune with himself. As if he had resolved, he began again to talk in answer with his thought.

"To do things well, they must not be done by halves. This Geraldine shall suffer no more at my hands than the sufferings his fathers inflicted on the race that once possessed those broad domains where their castles frown to-day. Ho! Parez, thy fortune is thine own if thou art bold enough to grapple it withal. Now for my immediate plot." Striding to the door, he opened it,

"Ho, there, Cathal!" he shouted, "bring me my morion; I shall inspect the sentinels."

The attendant thus summoned soon made his appearance, and, pulling his helmet over his brows, the seneschal of the stronghold of Maynooth went out upon the ramparts to see that the watch upon the walls was well and safely kept.

The conversation which we have detailed took place in the ancient castle of the Earls of Kildare, on one of the evenings when it was besieged by Sir Wm. Skeffington, in the days of the rebellion of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, commonly remembered as Silken Thomas, from the circumstance of his horsemen's accoutrements being generally fashioned of that material. The circumstances of the rebellion arose in the citation of the Earl of Kildare to London to answer some charges made against him before King Henry VIII. By order of the court he was imprisoned in the Tower of

London, and a report of his death having been conveyed to his son, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who exercised the office of Lord-Deputy in his absence, that nobleman hastened from his castle of Maynooth, and arriving at Dublin, summoned the Lords-Justices to the Council Chamber, where he indignantly flung the sword of state before them, and, in no measured language, declared his purpose of revolt against the authority of their master in Ireland.

Thus beginning, he proceeded vigorously. He sent ambassadors to Rome and Spain, and invaded the territories of those nobles in the Pale who remained faithful to the King. In addition to this he besieged the city of Dublin, but being defeated before its gates, he fortified his castles and went into Ulster and Connaught, in order to rouse the O'Neills and O'Connors into active co-operation with his plans. Whilst absent on this expedition the authorities attempted to attack the very seat of his power in besieging his ancestral fortress of Maynooth.

Before the Castle of Maynooth, then, the Lord Deputy, Sir William Skeffington, surnamed the "Gunner," by reason of his having held the post of Master of the Ordnance, held his leaguer. He planted a battery on the north side of this very important fortress and summoned the garrison to surrender. This request was contemptuously refused, and the Deputy made his lines around it in due form. Having levelled his culverins he attempted to make a breach in the walls by their fire, but was utterly unable to do so, and thus he had no chance of taking the place except by the reduction of the soldiery by famine. In this plan of operation there were contingencies to be contemplated which made its capture doubtful. Lord Thomas Fitzgerald was not only brave but keen-witted, and was making every exertion to mass an army elsewhere, and, whilst the siege of his fortress at Maynooth continued, he had that uninterrupted opportunity of making his rising successful which the occupation of the troops under the Deputy gave him. In his plans he was ably seconded by the daring and reckless Captain O'Rourke, who, equally at home by sea or land, interrupted supplies forwarded seaward to Dublin, and harassed, with hunger, the contumacious citizens who had repulsed Lord Thomas from before their gates when he besieged the city.

It was very possible, under those circumstances, that the Lord Deputy would have to raise the siege eventually, and meet Lord Thomas Fitzgerald in person, leaving him the possession of the important depôt of Maynooth. It was with a view of ascertaining the condition of the castle for a state of siege that O'Rourke had been despatched thither by Fitzgerald, and so much interest did he place on ascertaining that fact, that he had stolen in the dawn through the camp of the besiegers, and performed the daring feat of passing their sentinels and swimming the moat without discovery. He found the garrison in high spirits, well provisioned and supplied with all the munitions of war necessary in those days. Upon this score he could bring a good report to the Lord Fitzgerald, but upon one point alone did he feel doubtful, and that was in the honesty of Parez. A portion of this feeling found vent in the soldier's ready words, as he sat over his cups with the seneschal, in the dialogue which we have given; but, founded

as his suspicions were, only in a sense of aversion, O'Rourke did not think it necessary to take any proceeding upon them. Beside the idea of any treachery in the seneschal was foreign to the notions of the time. The foster-brother of the Geraldine was believed to be so much allied to his cause by the benefits he had received from that young noble, that if nothing else claimed his fidelity, they alone were deemed sufficient. In this way the gallant soldier reasoned away his doubts. However, he deemed it only prudent to act on his own responsibility, and to take no council with Parez.

After leaving the banquetting-hall the Captain ascended to his chamber and sat down.

"No sleep for me," he said. "I'll make for Dublin to-night again. I've got work to do, and I must not dally here. What sort of a night is it, I wonder?"

He walked across to the loophole which opened in the thick wall, and peered through it. "Dark as pitch," he muttered, "it will be ere long: I may as well prepare for my journey. Spirit of the sainted O'Toole and prayer of the holy Bride speed me by the camp of the leaguer!"

In the tent of the Lord Deputy, on that night, there was a group of officers seated around a table. The light of an oil-lamp, suspended from a chain above their heads, cast a faint glimmering over their council. At the head of the table sat the Lord Deputy himself. He was a tall and strong man, with a stern expression of countenance. The group around him were grave and serious. They were discussing some question of moment, and he spoke—

"You, Captain Holland, had charge of the sentinels on this morning up to dawn, and yet, Parez tells me that, the notorious pirate, Rook, managed to pass the lines, swam the moat, and entered the fortress. What laxity is this of keeping guard? Here is the scroll detailing it all, and accepting the terms I have offered for surrender."

"He must be Beelzebub, then, good, my lord," responded Captain Holland, from the lower end of the table, "for I went round the posts just one hour before sunrise, and found the sentinels alert, and yet this traitor seneschal tells us in his writing that it was just one hour before sunrise when the freebooter got into the castle. Why, I must have trodden on his heels."

"You were a blind follower, then," answered the general. "Do not commit such an error again, sir, if you value our approval."

"My lord," said Holland, "what a good officer could perform I did. I slept not on my duty; yet, if this knave deceived or outwitted our sentries, blame not me. Give me any deed of danger to accomplish, and I shall do it, so as to wipe away whatever stain is on me by this reproach."

"You shall scale the wall of yonder castle, then, first of all our men," said Skeffington, "and feel your punishment an honour."

"As such I accept it," said Holland, bowing.

"My Lord Deputy," said one of the officers present, "as the first post

is given to Captain Holland I ask to be his lieutenant in the duty, and get the second place amongst the stormers."

"Get first, if you can," returned Skeffington. "Get first, if you can, Sir William Brereton. There is room for you all to climb up; but take care and do not be coming back after your trouble."

A grim smile broke over the faces of the members of the council of war, and they were silent until the Lord Deputy again spoke.

"Now, the whole plan here detailed, by Parez is a good one. Our object and end is to keep it secret, until its execution is effected. Let a feint attack be made upon the fortress to-morrow, and allow a culverin to fall into the hands of those rebelly rascals, by a retreat from their sally, if they make one. Parez promises to give them, in honour of their victory, a grand feast, wherein they may guzzle all the wine in his cellars if they can; and in the night he shall take care the ward of the tower will be neglected quite sufficiently to leave a free ingress for our men. Then we shall have the garrison at our mercy, in the confusion of the moment, and we will not spare them."

"Are you sure," said the officer, previously addressed as Sir William Brereton, "that this knave seneschal has no trick in it? Is he true, think you?"

"True," said the Deputy, "true, no, no! The falsest dog who ever saw the sky. Why, the man is selling his friend in the most shabby, huxtering way that ever yet shamed our foul and felon nature. I grow sick of my dealing with the wretch, but I shall have my end of the pitiful soul-seller yet. He is a hasty fool; he has overreached himself by very cunning. His price is marked down now, under mine own hand and seal. The gold for which he has bartered honour, honesty, and a brave man's trust is accurately noted therein, and he shall have it, every stiver. But the villain—treacherous rogue as he is, pleaded for no life in all the garrison of gallant fellows there—not one—not even his own miserable being, and it is not engaged to him, nor will he enjoy it; for here I doom him to death sure and inevitable! Of this we will speak again; for to-morrow, we are agreed in the course of conduct for our attack. You will arrange the retreat, so that those fellows may not follow us too far, but be awed back by our supporting force. It grows late now; we shall need a rest to-night, so, sirs, we had best retire. Details can be arranged with morning. To-morrow, hey for St. George! and the honour of his highness."

With those observations the Deputy rose from the table, and the council broke up. As the officers were about issuing forth, an exclamation from the sentinel on duty before the tent attracted their attention, and the man fell forward on the ground.

"Help, help!" he shouted, "I'm slain."

At the moment of the cry the form of a man was seen vanishing around the next tent, as he crouched down and ran low to avoid observation.

"I see the rascal," shouted Holland, drawing his sword, and pursuing the person in retreat. He was joined by the others, who, with loud outcries, followed in the direction taken by the assassin. In a few moments the

noise arose in horrid clamour on the right; and the camp, which had been so recently wrapped in quiet and calm, soon became the scene of wild confusion. Soldiers started up from their beds where they had been reposing, and rushed, half dressed, into the air, grasping their arms as they ran, with a thought that the enemy had made a sally from the castle, or had been reinforced and attacked the camp in front and rere. The men questioned each other and could get no reply calculated to allay their anxiety. Torches were lit and flickered and flared through the murkiness of the night, and in a short time every man in the tented field was abroad in a horrid expectancy of danger.

The turmoil roused even the besiegers, and wall and rampart, tower and turret, were soon lined with the garrison.

Parez was the last to appear.

"What is the alarm?" he said, breathless and pale, as he came amongst a group of officers who were gazing across towards the camp of the English army.

"You know as much of it as we do," was the answer; "some say that Kildare has come up in force and surprised the Gunner. If it be so, we ought to do something by a sally. Where's Captain Rook?"

"Ay, where's Rook?" chimed in the voices of all.

"Go," said Parez, to one of the men at arms. "Go to the chamber of the captain and rouse him from his sleep. The hog is drunk."

The man disappeared, but in a few moments returned, saying that the room of the captain was empty, and there was no sign of his having been there at all.

"Who saw Captain Rook, last?" shouted Parez. "If there is any one here who saw him, let him say his say."

"I did, Master Seneschal, said a man-at-arms, coming forward. "I saw the captain last, and he told me to tell you so when I would be relieved from guard. He came to me when I was beside the gate of the little postern opening on the moat, keeping ward. 'What's your name, my man?' said he; 'Andy Barry, captain,' said I, for I know the captain, well. 'Andy,' said he, 'Master Seneschal told me to tell you to open the postern, as I must get to Lord Thomas by morning, and you'll open it now.' 'To be sure I will,' said I, 'but how will you pass the sentries in the camp?' 'I did it before, Andy,' said he, 'an' I'll try it again, sure of doing it twice. Let me out,' said he, 'I am in a hurry.' With that, I opened the postern, and he jumped into the moat as he was, hose and doublet, and swam across, and I saw him last stealing away for the camp."

"Ha!" said Parez, "Master Rook has been outwitted this time. He was too deep a rogue. The 'Gunner' has caught him at last, and that is the cause of the rout yonder. To bed! the alarm has been but a foolish one, after all. I see through it all now."

Notwithstanding the order of the seneschal for their retirement, the soldiers of the garrison continued to gaze still over to the illuminated camp.

They saw, as they looked, little groups forming and joining with others, but the noise which first excited their attention gradually became less

audible, and the lights faded one by one, until at length the camp resumed its wonted aspect, and no sound broke the stillness beyond the challenges of the sentinels, as they kept their rounds, and only the feeble light of the stars showed the ghostly outline of the tents, as they were spread upon the sward.

The crowd upon the castle walls gradually retired from their watch, until at length the sentries only occupied the ramparts.

"Master Perez was right," said one of those to a man-at-arms who lingered still, "the brave captain was caught at last, and never will do a deed of war again. Oh, but it was a gallant heart, and true as steel!"

"Look," said the other, "I know the captain rightly, and not all the men in that camp can hold him, if he be alive, and to stop him was just as foolish as to stop a missive from a culverin. I know it, and don't believe his capture. We shall hear of him again.

* * * * *

There was high state in the ancestral hall of the O'Neill on the fifth night after the events we have recorded. The banquet was over, and the chieftain and his guests had retired to an audience-chamber—entered from the banquetting-room through a lofty arch. Before the passage hung a crimson curtain which concealed all view of the interior, and at the sides of the entrance stood two gallowglasses, each armed with a drawn sword. A confused murmur of voices could be heard from within the apartment shaded by the awning, and a red light fell through the crimson drapery. Silent stood the soldiers, the glittering swords flashing in the flicker of the torches, as they shone around the room in which they kept ward. No word spoke they to each other. Whilst they stood so still, footsteps hurriedly approached the banquetting-hall, and from its farther end a figure advanced, travel-stained and spotted with human gore. It approached the silent guards, attempting to pass into the hall shaded by the curtain; both the guards stood in the way of the new-comer.

"You cannot pass," said they.

"For the love of heaven, let me into the Lord Fitzgerald!" said the stranger.

"No," responded the guards. Their swords were raised high above the head of the applicant, as if to strike, should he persist.

"I must get in," he said, stooping as he spoke, and seizing both the gallowglasses under the knees, pulled them forcibly, by an effort of great strength, off their feet, and, springing through the curtain, entered the chamber of audience.

The sight which met the eyes of the intruder was one which astonished him. Ranged on each side of the hall were a number of chiefs. Each had the cross-shaped hilt of his sword raised upward, and seemed in the act of attestation by the symbol. Elevated on a seat at the upper end, sat a mere youth, upon whose face the down of manhood hardly showed its faint traces. The finely cut nose was dilated as if with pride, the large and lustrous eyes gleamed with excitement, and the fair face was flushed

as a noble-looking man presented him with a scroll, and proclaimed, in a loud voice,

"Here, my Lord Kildare, is the treaty to which we have sworn!"

It was at this moment the toil-worn figure we have noticed rushed up to the seat of the young noble, and cried, in a voice which rang again on the ears of the surprised listeners,

"News, my lord, news!"

"What news, my good captain?" in a voice of imperturbable calmness, questioned the youth, who sat like a monarch before the new-comer.

"Bad news, Kildare, Maynooth has fallen; its garrison is slaughtered in cold blood, not a man lives to tell the tale, not even the traitor Parez, who sold the hope of our land for gold to the Lord Deputy! I was a witness of it all, and woe is me I live to tell you."

"Maynooth fallen! the garrison slaughtered; Parez, my foster-brother, a traitor! Pooh, your fancy is distempered, O'Rourke, the thing cannot be!" said the nobleman, slowly.

"Would to God it were even as you say, my lord!" answered O'Rourke, for the intruder was no other than the daring captain.

"Would to God I were mad, and this thing not true! But here," he said, uplifting his blood-clotted arm, "here is a sign and a token of the soldiers of the Deputy, I shall bear with me until I lift my sword in battle no more, and lie on some hillside of this land of mine, dead and still." He paused for a moment, and then resumed. "Some other time you shall hear, my lord, how I stole within the lines of the leaguer, on the night before your castle fell, and, hidden without his tent, overheard the villainous plot of Parez, as Skeffington detailed it to his cavaliers. My faith, my ears tingled in the story of the caitiff's treachery, and I would have foiled it all, but for a prying sentinel who poked me in this fashion with his spear. The poor fool suffered for his unskilfulness, for this good *skian* of mine went straight to his heart. I fled, my lord, before the whole English camp, for I can tell you there was a commotion, and I got no chance to pass their line of double guards again. Wounded and wearied, I hung like a bloodhound at their heels for all that, and saw the foul play done and over. A day, a night, and a morning told me all. The royal banner of Henry of England floated from the watch tower in the waking breeze. The corpses of the garrison were flung to the carrion birds. The head of Parez frowned down beside the flagstaff, and the gold, blood-stained and accursed, for which our cause was bartered, lay piled on the battlement beside the traitor's body. By my soul, they rewarded him well! 'Pay the knave, Mr. Treasurer,' said the Deputy. When he was paid—'Chop off his head, executioner!' and the thing was done. This is my tale my lord, and it is true!"

The lord of Kildare mused a moment, and then rose from his seat. Every eye was fixed on the noble lineaments of the youthful warrior as they were proudly uplifted before the chiefs.

"Ye have heard this news of disaster, my lords," he said, drawing

himself to his full height; "are ye of a mind to venture with me still in this enterprise of danger? If ye are, speak!"

There was a momentary silence, and then, with a common accord, their utterance came—

"We are!"

The rush of distant winds through winter forests sounds like their reply.

"Well, there is hope for Ireland still!" said Silken Thomas.

Not many years after, on the road which led from London to Tyburn, a crowd of people passed along in a morning of February. The season had been unusually mild, and the appearance of the country around gave the promise of an early summer. The sun was bright and unclouded, and shone so clear and fervent that the chill air which lurked under shady hedges or in northern aspects grew warm and pleasing wherever his rays fell. The breeze rose up from the meadows and brought the faint odour of early flowers—the hardy snow-drop or sheltered primrose—upon its breath. The carol of the thrush woke up in the distance, as he perched on some budding branch, the thrill of the lark, as he soared heavenward, and poured out his lay of soaring joy, the familiar robin, that "ever in the haunch of winter sings," made a sweet and blissful harmony, and grew symbolic of the voice of natural life around. The herds who pressed along seemed oblivious of the scene, beautiful, pleasing, and promising as it was. They walked together in groups and chatted and laughed, whilst at intervals the words of a low or obscene song rang out from some of the wayfarers, in which the others joined. Everything betokened a holiday which they were assembling to enjoy. One of the groups was larger than the others and more mirthful. At its head walked a misshapen, ill-humoured-looking fellow, clad in a black-soiled fustian dress. As he went along he kept up a ringing fire of dry, caustic wit, which provoked the unceasing merriment of his companions. When they came in view of Tyburn, at a turn of the road leading to the spot of execution, so familiar in the tragedies of the law for many a century, they were met by two wayfarers who were coming from the spot whither all else were hurrying. One was a man strongly built, his face marked with a healed gash which disfigured his countenance. The other was a woman clad in a cloak which enveloped her from head to foot, the hood closely drawn about her face. The dwarfed creature thought the travellers good game.

"Well, beauty," he said, in his cracked voice, "why turn thy back on Tyburn so soon? Art fearful thy face may convict thee without warrant of bluff King Hall?"

The person addressed gave no answer, but an uneasy twinkle of his eye betrayed impatience as the crowd hailed the sally with a roar of laughter.

"Ha!" pursued the wit, "'tis dumb as well as lovely. Heart of grace for it! I wager the suit of clothes I get to-day, and the Angels to boot,

that the taste of yon knave in company is better than his countenance."

"Let us see if Dickon, the hangman, be right," said one of the crowd, "and deprive him of his wage to-night for swinging the Irish earl. Come, dame, or damosel," he said, approaching the female, who clung close to her companion, "give us a chance to strip Dickon yonder, and drink thy health in Malmsey."

The speaker approached as if to force his request. He reached his arms forth to seize the shrinking girl. Her companion stepped forward and with one blow, well directed, prostrated the ill-mannered boor on the path before him.

"There!" said he, with a voice hoarse with passion. "So shall I do by any of ye, cowardly dogs that ye are, to molest or insult a woman."

In an instant the crowd gathered around the strangers, and menaced them with injury. The fellow who had fallen was lifted to his feet, and with angry imprecations, rushed to the man who had felled him. Whilst the peril thus rose, the female who had been unwittingly its cause stepped before the combatants, and casting off her hood, revealed a countenance of the most beautiful type. A fair, girlish face, pale, and marked by the touch of sorrow, appeared before them framed in clusters of yellow hair, which fell down around it in a profusion of curls. Eyes large and lustrous looked out, as if they were mirrors of a soul whose nobility could awe them back by its self-reliance. She spoke to the astonished crowd, as they gaped with open mouths at the unexpected vision,

"Ye are men" she said, and her voice fell with a liquid clearness of tone, "and ye are many, pray, let us who are strangers pass—unknown and weak as we are!"

"I'll have my revenge," shouted the risen and angry man, and fine speeches won't balk me of it."

The alternations of feeling in the crowd for their comrade, and respect for the mien of the lady, were visible in the division of its members into parties, which severally urged summary punishment or immediate peace for the daring stranger, and it was doubtful for a moment, what way the event would go, when loud cries diverted their attention, backward by the way they had recently passed. The gleaming swords of horsemen, and the armour of troops were visible as they surrounded a cart approaching, in which a tall and erect form was standing up.

"The Irish traitor!" yelled the crowd, and the cry ran from lip to lip. Hisses and hootings filled the air as the cortege approached. The crowds opened and lined the road on each side. The two strangers stood on a slight elevation. Looking around as if for some expected sight, stood the doomed man. At last his eye rested on the fair girl, who stood pallid and staring beside the ill-favoured stranger. A smile crossed his lips and a flush rose to his cheek which changed into an expression of alarm, as the girl clutched at the arm of her companion; but he assumed the appearance of composure as he saw the strong hand of the man grasping hers. The smile settled again on the young, manly countenance as, by a movement, scarcely

understood by any, except her for whom it was intended, he raised his plumed cap from his brow and bowed low. Just at this moment the cart stopped, and, amid the laughter and applause of the crowd, Dickon, the hangman, was lifted into it. For the moment, the youth turned his eyes again to the two watchers; but now they were fixed on the man, and they met his as they looked with a fond earnestness, strangely misplaced, in such a countenance. More than words could tell, was told in the glance of each. In that of the youth there was an appeal of implicit faith and solemn trust. In that of the scarred and bearded man, there was a mournful assertion of loving obedience. As if to interpret, his soul, by a sign, he drew the lady closer to him. The cart moved on. The youth raised his head proudly and bravely, and upon his face there was a gleam of pleasure and a smile of trust, bright as the sunshine around. He heard or heeded not the execrations of the crowd that clamoured about him, anxious like wolves for his blood.

The cart swept on, the horsemen guarded it, the mob followed after, over the plain, to the gibbet which lifted its horrid shadow in the distance. The wayfarers stood until all were gone. The face of the lady grew more pale, but her eyes were dry, as became one whose pride of love and sorrow of loss contended. The face of her companion was hidden in his broad palms, and his strong frame shook, whilst great drops of grief, distilled through his fingers, fell down fast at his feet.

"We have seen the last of Kildare," said the lady, "come, O'Rourke, when you leave me with the good nuns of Roncesvalles I shall be at peace with this world—come!"

"The last of Kildare!" said the man, "the last of Kildare—what a day for me. Why did I live to see it?"

Those were the words that burst from two broken hearts, as Lord Thomas Fitzgerald was swinging from the gibbet at Tyburn.

THE WORLD OF COSTUME.

In the days of Richard II., as Jones has read somewhere, whilst engaged in researches to prove the identity of modern rouge with Tyrian purple, a baron's waiting-man was supposed to see "that his master's petticoats were fairly aired and garnished" every morning. The practice may appear exceedingly effeminate to his readers who glory in knickerbrockers and peg-tops, but Jones would remind them that the men who went about in garnished farthingales at that remote period were not the less valiant because of their dapery—indeed, he is half open to the impression that the skirts have the best of it yet; and this superiority is never more evident than when their sweet occupants are compelled to wage war in defence of their reputation, historical or personal. From the time when the Egyptians scribbled on papyri (long before the introduction of the excise duty on paper,

be it observed) to the days when one may carry home a quire of cream-laid note and a dozen covers for two-pence-halfpenny, the wits of the coarser sex (to which the present writer has the unhappiness of belonging) have been persistently employed in traducing the tastes and peculiarities of that solitary remnant of the old Eden which has been preserved to us—woman. Ages ago, she was insultingly defined, “an animal that delights in finery.” The reproach does not appear to have broken her heart or diverted her attention from the study of those graceful laws, the observance of which imparts character and elegance to her person. It is easy, as Jones knows from extensive experience, to invent a calumny, reflecting on the noblest achievements of industrial intellect, by robbing the original workers of all right to the fruits of their exertions. It is easy to call woman an animal, and decry her passion for the beautiful—to misinterpret her sublime concern for the proprieties of outline and colour, as the feeble manifestations of a brain whose calibre is unequal to larger considerations. “The dog,” as Hamlet says, “will have his day,” the detractor his season ; but, as long as history continues to be a collection of evidences, it will be hard to deny the angelic sex the credit of having been the first promoters of the fine arts, through the medium of the toilet. Ninety-nine of every hundred of that wretched and unfortunate class, known as bachelors, who appear to be born specially for the support of lodging-house-keepers, and laundresses, will have the hardihood to smile at this statement. Jones is accustomed to have his gravest propositions thus ignored, tickled to death with laughter and buried in “ha, ha’s.” Nevertheless he never once despaired of converting the incorrigibles, and the number of his acquaintances who regularly take in *La Follet*, the *Magazin des Modes*, and other delightful organs of the fashions, testify to his extensive practice and brilliant success.

In any inquiry of the nature he is now prosecuting, as in all researches which unite importance with magnitude, it is necessary, for the clearer elucidation of truth, to begin at the beginning. An essay, like a walking cane, has a top and a bottom, and we know which the knife of the cleaver cuts first. When Epaminondes was arraigned before the Theban tribunal for a breach of military discipline, committed in the campaign against the Lacedæmonians, and was asked what he had to urge in defence of his conduct, he replied by making a sum “tottle” of the benefits he had heaped upon the commonwealth. When woman, at the instance of a generation whose vanity is greater than its remembrance of obligations, is accused of waste and extravagance, and requested to quote some service performed as an apology for the same, she, with a magnanimity, far surpassing that of the Greek general, points to the architecture which is the glory of the world, and claims to be its foundress. Jones, as a grave and decorous judge, impartially reviewing the depositions of the contending parties, is obliged to own that, having given the matter his most attentive consideration, he finds that the best of the argument remains with the feebler adversary.

The case stands thus :—

The most primitive form of architecture with which we are acquainted

it the tent. It was a habitation essentially suited to the clime in which the first fragments of human society concentrated themselves previous to the dispersion, and the establishment of separate communities. Picture to yourself its tapering outlines, its fluted folds, its voluptuousness of figure, and there will be no difficulty in attributing it to its original type, a female, veiled from head to foot after the fashion of the East. The tent at first was an unambitious structure, the exterior of which admitted of no decorative features, for its simplicity was co-existent with the severity of the toilet which it imitated, and which consisted of bleached papyri, fastened together at the edges, and thrown over the head as a protection from the sun. One century, however, after its introduction, we find the tent pole ornamented on the top with a variety of embellishments, such as tufts of gorgeous feathers, and symbols, wrought in the precious metals by the Tubal Cainists of the period.

The change took place unheralded by any warning, but, fortunately for Jones's lovely clients, history accounts for its origin. It is now satisfactorily established that about this period woman, for the first time, adopted the use of ornaments in her hair. The races had begun to spread southwards; and her appreciative eyes could not behold with indifference the splendid plumage of the golden pheasant, or the glittering productions of the virgin mines, without a desire to elevate both to the dignity they deserved. Thenceforth, the seven-toothed comb of gold adorned her poll, and the stately plume nodded above her ivory temples. The initiative thus given was eagerly mimicked; and man heaped favours on his tent-pole, whilst forgetting to honour its inventress. When cities ceased to resemble Donnybrook fairs, when rude huts, approximating more or less to the form of the primitive habitat, were being erected, a great change was operating secretly at the toilet-table, and its results were subsequently manifested in the marvellous architecture to which Egypt, apparently by a process of artistic intuition, gave birth. Leaving the pyramids out of the question (what are they but the old tent with the pole-top sawed off?) Jones would invite the attention of the inquisitive to the civil and domestic architecture of that singular people. Taken in the rough, it presented an agglomeration of vertical and horizontal lines, rising from heavy cornices, resting on massive pillars, and sustaining the pressure of incumbent masses of architrave. The columns were shaped into irregular cylinders, the surface of which was enriched with elaborate spiral flutings, scrolls, and wreaths. Whence the Egyptians obtained the models of this peculiar style remained for ages a subject of unprofitable inquiry. It was reserved for Jones, in the interest of maligned woman, to lift the veil and discover the secret. Goguet, in his *Origine des Lois*, has a curious chapter on the social condition of woman in the early stages of Egyptian society; and with a perspicacity which does eternal honour to his name, describes her dress and appearance, on the faith of Justin (*Hist. lib. 2*) and the testimony of the most ancient monuments of the country. He tells us that the outline of a full-dressed Egyptian lady of the time was an oblong, a circumstance which arose from the fashion of suspending her outer drapery or cloak from

a rod of burnished silver ingeniously balanced on the crown of the head. The sides of the drapery, which fell stiff and straight, were enriched with deep borders; and a moveable hood revealed or covered the face at the wearer's pleasure. The similarity of the lady's figure to that of the temples is a coincidence not to be lightly overlooked, for, by all the laws of rational induction, there can be no doubt that the former inspired the latter. Baker was a bit sceptical on this theory, (a proof of his hopeless dulness,) when it was first propounded by Jones, and earnestly asked what it was supplied the first models of the cylindrical columns? To a man of ordinary abilities the question must have proved embarrassing, to Jones it only furnished a stimulant for increased exertion and research. Having heard that a cargo of mummies had arrived at London Bridge, from Kalapsche, one of the oldest Egyptian temples, *en route* to the British museum, he waited on the captain of the vessel and begged to be favoured with a peep at those cheerful people. The request being complied with, he descended to the hold and found three of the crew engaged in putting together a mummy case, which had been accidentally broken. Its late occupant reposed at a little distance, on the top of a water barrel; Jones approached and examined the sleeper. From the size and symmetry of the foot he knew it belonged to a female body.* Whilst turning it to the light, the left leg cracked at the knee and parted from the trunk, as easily as a twig parts from a rotten alder. Rather than be amenable for the consequences, Jones piously placed the divided member inside his coat, lifted his hat to the captain, took the first penny boat to Nine Elms, and arrived safely home with his treasure. Baker awaited him; they carefully unwound the gummy bandages which swathed the limb, and what do you think they came to?—as sure as there's a grey hair in his head a stocking woven spirally and elaborately interwoven with flutings, scrolls, and foliage. "Mr. Baker," said the present writer, with his usual severe dignity, "by all rules of retaliation, don't you deserve that this leg should kick you?" The individual apostrophised, took out his pipe, by way of reply, and inquired if any grass-cut was left in the canister. Such is the blind obstinacy of the incredulous. The influence which female costume exercised on Grecian art in the days of Pericles, when the Hellenic genius wrought those marvels whose *debris* remain to inspire the dwarfed conception of the current age, might form a subject of curious and fruitful inquiry.

Plutarch gives us the start in a passage written with less than his accustomed sobriety and exactness. "Celerity," he says, "seldom produces any work of lasting importance or exquisite beauty; while, on the contrary, the time which is expended in labour is recovered and repaid in the duration of the performance. Hence we have the more reason

* Dolbert, a French physician, has left behind him a curious work on "The physiognomy of the human foot." "One day," he says "I saw, a tumbril, loaded with dead bodies, returning from the guillotine. A foot protruded through the canvass covering. And such a foot! I could have sworn it had been the servant of a god-like intellect." The assertion implies little respect for the eighth commandment.

to wonder that the structures raised by Pericles should be built within so short a period, and yet built for ages." Writing six hundred years after their erection, he continues:—"For each of them, as soon as finished, had the venerable air of antiquity; so, now that they are old, they have the freshness of a modern building. A bloom is diffused over them which preserves their aspect untarnished by time, as if they were animated by a spirit of perpetual youth and unfading elegance." Does any one imagine that the grave and sententious Plutarch, with whom to be vivacious was to be criminal, could have been betrayed into such warmth of expression on a subject which invited extreme frigidity, absence of metaphor, and barrenness of description? Is it not obvious that some keen motive underlies the picturesque surface of the writing, and that, in bestowing such praises on the architectural works of Greece, he was but elaborating a compliment to the Greek women, with whom that architecture originated? The dress of the period, we admit, could not have materially assisted the founder of that order who borrowed his pillars from the Egyptians, clapped tiles on their upper surfaces, and called them Doric. Let us see to what extent the other orders were indebted to the Greek toilet. Is it not plain as daylight that the volute of the Ionic capital is but a stiff copy of the kiss-me-quicks which the ladies of the day cultivated on either temple? The fashion has been revived of late with considerable success, and has afforded Jones some exquisite excuses for invading the cherry lips of his sweet acquaintances. Take a kiss-me-quick Greek head, wreath it with blossomed acanthus, plant a graceful pitcher above it, and, laying your hand to your heart, confess what it most strikingly resembles. It needs but little examination to pronounce it the prototype of the Corinthian capital lacking only the conventional idealisation of that happy ornament. The story of Lysander's flower-basket and its subsequent transformation may do admirably for the marines, but will not hold water in this microscopic generation. "We starve for facts," quoth Mr. Carlyle, in "Sartor Resartus." If the "great thinker" be open to tenders for those commodities, Jones will cheerfully undertake the contract to any reasonable extent. The Romans, he believes, take credit to themselves for the invention of the arch, which is manifestly a copy of the female eye-brow. Some commentators, (for there is no possible limit to the extravagances of educated ignorance,) pretend that it was modelled on the rainbow. Wretched men! Rainbows were unknown until the time of Noah, whilst eyebrows were coeval with the last day of creation. Could mendacity have gone further? Touching the Gothic style, the wildest theories have been propounded respecting its origin. One set of enthusiasts would have us believe that it sprang from an imitation of the caverns, supported by natural columns, and roofed with stalactites to which the early Christians resorted for the unmolested celebration of religious rites, whilst another equally misguided class affirm that its "idea" was caught up from the tangled branches of the forests, as they formed themselves into natural arches and spandrils, when agitated by the wind. Both conjectures are equally destitute of probability, and only serve to show the mazes of error into which human

speculation may wander, if unassisted by the keenness and intelligence which the present writer flatters himself has been brought to bear upon this inquiry. He begs to be told in what part of the world a cavern has been discovered, with a groined roof and colonnade of reeded shafts; and further, if any man has alighted on a forest in which the trees were equally thick at the top and bottom, and the floor was paved with mosaics. The simplest and most natural conjecture is that the style originated in the delicately-interwreathed curves of the female drapery, multiplying themselves with every movement of the wearer into pointed arches, richly encrusted spandrels, and broad areas of variegated space. The stained window is a feeble copy of the gorgeous bloom of a lady's shawl, lifted by the air and illuminated by the sun. The hollow porch is an humble imitation of her bonnet, and those horrible tympanums that surmount the doorways, a disfigured revival of the charm of a boddiced waist. If it be asked, and Jones is prepared to answer the question if put with elegance and justness, whence we derived our present system of civil architecture, that shocking uniformity of oblong doors and windows, straight roof lines, and square street traps, he replies, from the emperor of abominations, the male hat. It has been useful, he admits, in one particular, as it first suggested the model of that round hole in the flags, through which peat and coal are poured into our cellars; and the tin vessel in which Phoebe, the dairy-maid, fetches the milk for breakfast. This is its highest achievement—no, he begs pardon, probably it had something to do with the manufacture of gun-caps. Who knows, after this, but that the puff-adder discharges some healthy function?

To the bitterly-maligned female toilet, therefore, man is indebted for his first notions of architecture; and, bearing this in mind, there is nothing singular in the circumstance that in the Society Islands, New Zealand, and the West Coast of Africa, where the ladies cannot afford to dress either extensively or expensively, no buildings of any note have been yet discovered. The fact speaks for itself, comment would spoil it. Having generalised so far, Jones is anxious to take a hasty review of the most important changes which have taken place in the costume of these kingdoms. Applying the glass of time to his eye and looking down the long line of fashions, he is half persuaded he has taken up a kaleidoscope.

In the chronology of costume, the painters are our greatest authorities. The sculptors do little for us, preferring to be copyists of the past rather than registers of the "form and pressure of the time," current. Between the Norman conquest and the Reformation, dress as it existed may be found fairly described in the missals and monuments of the period. Womanly taste, Jones fears, had lamentably degenerated in the interval. The textile arts were positively backward, and France was too much occupied to trouble herself with the exportation of milliners. "The Kingdoms," were left to their own resources, and, between one distraction and another, they managed them badly. With the sixteenth century a change was observable. An ambitious woman, vain of her charms, was seated on the throne, and every device was exerted to gratify her caprices and add

lustre to her attractions. The head-dresses of Elizabeth and her court were so lofty, that doors and corridors had to be re-constructed to admit their passage; the neck and throat were hidden in enormous ruffs, with which the lively pencil of Zuccherò has made us tolerably familiar. Garments, in which allegories were conveyed, swept the ground, and the plumage of the head was embedded in a wig of awful dimensions and hideous shape. This style of dress, whilst it tended to overburthen and render the wearer ridiculous, was also artfully contrived to expose the person, for the gorget could be loosened at pleasure, and the stiff ruff, when detached from the front of the stomacher revealed a whole acre of neck and back. Jones has shed tears of the wildest grief, whilst contemplating the painted records of this age of monstrosities; he could indulge in a good cry this moment, if all his handkerchiefs had not been consigned to the custody of the landress. He turns, with a heart charged with the sublime gratitude, to Mary Queen of Scots, his ideal of all that is chaste, tender, and beautiful in woman. In the sweet figure before him, he marks how the dress (samite, myatic, wonderful,) mounts, with a conscious delicacy, over the highest and last swell of the delicately formed bust, ending in a narrow ruff of limpest lawn, not broken into massive quillings, as round as a tailor's thimble, but fretted with the daintiest crimpings that hands could fashion. The head is half enveloped in a hood, so deliciously pretty, that it might be thought saucy were it not for the veil which falls over all like a sweep of transparent darkness. Let invention rack its brain as long as invention may, it will never discover a more decorous, lady-like costume than this. It represents grief seasoned by propriety. Whilst the sombre tone of the bulk of the dress speaks of a widowed heart and a sorrowed mind, those airy ruffs peep out at the sun-light and whisper consolation.

Holbein, after all, was the first painter who gave costume a settled character. From the myriad diversities which the time produced he singled out that which was rewarded with the most eclectic patronage, modified a few absurdities, and made it a standard model. His portraits look stiff, but it is not the rigidity of flesh and blood which hurts the eye, but the harsh materials in which they are clothed. The dress of his period abounded in angles, scarcely suffering a curve to point out the position of the shoulders. It was intended to suit neither youth nor extreme age, but that critical period of life when the "hateful crow" treads the corners of the eyes, when the cheek is perceptibly sunk, and blushes are to be had only at the perfumers. Excluding all sight of the hair, which somebody has called "potentest weapon of the softer sex," it hooded the head with a triangular-shaped cap, filling up the space left vacant between the border and the forehead with a band of gold tissue. Within the blind thus provided, all peculiarities of hair colour were concealed, the carrotiest red sharing the same asylum as the glossiest black or loveliest auburn. Notwithstanding the reflection that this contrivance helped the gray-haired to mask one of their most hopeless infirmities, Jones cannot repress his emotion at the thought of the number of fine heads which a practice so barbarous rendered valueless for all legitimate purposes of exhibition. As

for its inventor or inventress, may—the presence of the ladies alone restrains his over-wrought feelings. Descending from the aggrieved head to the bust, he finds that the latter was encased in a stomacher, defiant as a buckler, hard as a breast-plate, and so overcharged with pearls as to remind one of the sliding trays exhibited in the jewellers' windows. The dress rose high over back and neck, concealing, with honourable impartiality, the charms of youth and the failings of age. Under this Pallas-like protection granddaughter and grandmother were reduced to a happy uniformity of contour and development; for the partlet—a non-transparent species of habit-shirt which filled the space left vacant by the gown—was too thick and too wanting in elasticity to betray what it was intended to conceal. Bad as it was—and Jones wishes to know which of that brilliant circle of women who revere him as their guide, philosopher, and friend, would vote for its revival—it afforded a capital apology for the highly-elaborate ruff or collar by which it was surmounted, and which lent an air of coquetry to the delicate throat it encircled. Holbein had a horror of draughts, and this may satisfactorily account for the thick lawn handkerchief that is usually found depending from the cap-cauls of his portraits, and which could be wrapped around the wearer's neck on the slightest appearance of bronchial symptoms. The contrivance was comfortable, but Jones condemns it as deficient in grace and lightness. It may answer a Japanese lady to enfold her person in thirty skirts of silk and satin, or to follow the example of the early Dutch female colonists of New York, who, as Knickerbrocker tells us, wore as many as fifty slips at a time, with the thermometer standing at 90; but the practice merits reprobation in a land whose daughters have won their best blushes and pearls from a healthy familiarity with the atmosphere. Mr. Holbein's sleeves were nice in their way, with this abominable defect, that they totally concealed the arm, which an enthusiastic modern thus describes:—"a lovely branch, smooth and glittering like pale pink coral, slightly curved towards the figure and terminating in five taper petals, pinker still, folding and unfolding, 'at their own sweet will,' and especially contrived by nature to pick your heart clean to the bone before you know what they are about." Jones is concerned in the history of a sleeve which embarrassed so many pretty metaphors. He remembers, indeed, that his grandmother wore a sleeve open to like objections; but, then, she was a grandmother, and it suited her. Who would put a cocked hat on the brows of Jupiter or an evening wreath around the lovely head of the Grecian Diana? With all its defects, and they were manifold, Holbein's costumes had some redeeming features. His head-dresses, which may be described as systematised heaps of colour and jewellery, tended, from their brilliancy, to relieve the features of the wearer. The descending sides were artfully contrived to supply the oval outline when disordered by age, or to render it still lovelier when perfected by youth. His mantles—great wastes of purple and violet velvet, bordered with costly fur—were a charity in themselves. They stood out in defined folds from the figure, and there was no guessing at the symmetry that lay beneath them. Old Lady Butts, as she lives on the painter's

canvass, is buxom, fat, and visibly on the decline, but, treated as Holbein alone could treat her, she seems wavering on the verge of the cruel transition that comes with forty-five, and aspires to antiquity at fifty. It is true, he had little room for idealisation, for the people who patronised him were vulgarly addicted to calling a spade a spade, and a chimney-pot a chimney-pot. Jones, however, thinks he made noble use of the materials at his disposal, and, by way of proof, he points to the glorious portrait of Lady Richmond, in which the genius of the painter made a bold innovation on the fashion of the time. Instead of being swathed up in that horrid lawn, the pearl-white brows are encircled by a slender bandeau of gold, from which there hangs a fall of gossamer-like lace, meeting beneath the chin. The arrangement of the hair, which is divided in the middle and laid low upon the cheeks, is bad, because it is formal and constrained. With Holbein went out the fashions which he registered with such fidelity. Jones passes over the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, and, with a good jump, arrives in the middle of the seventeenth century. The whole *personnel* of the toilet underwent a scathing reformation in the interval. The hoops, he regrets to add, disappeared, and in their place came attenuated trains of glossy satin or stiff brocade. The hair, no longer plaited or banded, flowed wild and free, or was coaxed into swarms of black or golden ringlets, which either poured over the bust or rolled down the back in a wealth of light. The drapery, ceasing to be hard, fell into soft, wavy masses, which reflected all the actions of the wearer; and its *ensemble* was rendered still more ariel by the profusion of delicate laces and sparkling linens with which it was environed. All at once the stomacher broke down, the partlet was rent asunder, and bust and arms were exposed to the light so long denied them. An air of studied negligence was obtained, so as to gloss over the faults and freedoms of the new costume. Everything was developed, and, where an imperfection retreated from the eye, its asylum was hidden by a burst of gorgeous drapery descending from the shoulder, sweeping across the bust, and caught up by a glittering aigrette at the hip or waist. In this guise age ceased to share the sacred privileges which made her more than a match for youth; it suited none but the young and beautiful; even with the assistance of the enamelling process (by which Jones has seen more than one actress, at fifty, pass for a school-girl in her teens) it permitted of no deception.

Look at this young person as she steps out of the canvass of that glowing Vandyke. "Head," as Mr. Tennyson has it, "Sunned over with curls," white throat, closely ringed with a triple lace of pearls; waist short but somehow classic, and a bust for which a single rose discharges all the functions of stomacher and partlet. Small foreheads were cultivated, (by the way, Jones remembers that Petrarch praises his Laura for her "sweet, small brows,") for the ringletty coiffure descended very low, so low, indeed, as to impart a shade of its quality to the eyes.

"She stood on the garden terrace,
'Mid the lilacs' violet dust,
With a single ring on her finger—
A single rose in her bust.

Coquetish, saucy, and pretty,
And shy as the shyest mouse;
What was the charm that quickened
In the narrow pearl of her brows?

Ask me not, curious stranger.
She mistressed a lordly hall;
Her fortune was fifty thousand,
And mine was—nothing at all."

Vandyke's costumes, on the whole, airy, and in some measure indecent, served, after all, to drape none except those who united a faultless conformation of person to extreme youth. It was admirably adapted to round faces, with less of feeling than of fulness, but would never set off the real charm of a spiritual countenance. In truth, it was too sensual to enhance the goodness of anything beyond ordinary muscularity. The intellectual tone of the face was sacrificed to mere prettiness; fine women (in Jones's acceptance of the word) were lost in the mazes of a raiment which aspired to combine the ordinary decencies of life with the freedom of the stage; whilst failing to realize the first, it triumphed in the second; and the result is too lamentably manifest to require the keen, revelant criticism of the writer of these pages.

With Charles II. the coiffure, which, until then, had been restricted to something approaching uniformity, became more *degagé* and less *prononcé*. If we take Sir Peter Lely, (of whom it was said that he was felicitious enough to worship vanity without offending the truth,) we find it to have grown looser and wilder, less reconcilable with modesty, and more in consonance with an age which cherished Nell Gwynne, and paved the way for the last conquest of the "kingdoms." Lely's ladies are, in despite of himself, unnatural. Fancy a duchess, in a short skirt and straw hat, herding sheep; and a duke, in trunk hose and velvet jacket, playing the flageolet to a group of long-horned cows! He was a courtier of the true stamp—the Polonius cast, perhaps—and knew how to make himself agreeable to the fine ladies and gentlemen of the court.

Whenever, in obedience to the wishes of his patronesses, he denies his portrait the pastoral character, and paints her into a tame similitude of real life, either his genius or the peculiarities of the current costume paralyse his pencil. Jones has seen *his* beauties, and, taken on the whole, they have little to boast. He had a good eye for drapery, but little knowledge of its proper disposition. His ladies are unquestionably "persons of quality;" but, then, they dress so much like professional equestrians that you only undo a single hook, and the major part of the drapery comes to grief. Bare necks and bosoms, hideously full skirts, painted cheeks and powdered arms are his specialities. Get Lely outside the range of these artificialities, and he would fail, even in the capacity of a respectable sign-board painter. No doubt, his style tended to preserve the charms of youth and hide the deformities of age; but Jones has little sympathy with an art whose office it is to brazen out a lie, in defiance of all the laws of truth. People, he thinks, should have their costume accommodated to their experience; for

there is nothing more disgusting (in his elevated opinion) than to see a young girl dressed dowdily, or one of two scores and a-half adopting the costume of a woman of nineteen. He prefers to speaking on this subject himself, to quote the opinions of a French authoress who appears to "write with a pen of iron on tablets of lead." "To the slaves of society, when all the enjoyment of love has passed away, when all the interest of passion has vanished, there remain but the pleasures of the promenade, the flare of gas-light, and the satisfactions of the fool. After all the dreams of love and ambition have died out, there subsists the desire to shine and to have it asserted of them, '*j'y étais hier—j'y serai demain.*' It is a sad spectacle to behold women who conceal their wrinkles under flowers, and cover their barren foreheads with feathers and diamonds; every thing about them is false—false bust, false hair, false teeth. Spectres revived from the gaieties of another epoch, they come to assist at the festivals of to-day, as if their aim was to afford the young a melancholy lesson in the laws of philosophy; this, for instance: 'my pretty girls, it is thus you shall pass away.'"

From Vandyke, although the stride is a long one, Jones passes to Sir Joshua Reynolds. It would have been a miracle, indeed, if the man who enjoyed the society of Garrick, Johnson, and Goldsmith, and had read the essay on "the Sublime and Beautiful," could have been else than an elegant and accomplished costumier. Holbein had been stiff and formal, Vandyke criminally the contrary; it remained for Reynolds to unite both, whilst he tempered their excesses, and imparted to the result a style which combined the virtues with the graces. He caught the character of the age, and it had that in abundance; but with him it is a nobler glory not only to have corrected the errors of his predecessors, but, to have erected a standard of taste for all who succeeded him. Combating with foibles of a time which did its utmost to overload nature, and make the human frame the slave of the worst caprices of fashionable invention, he succeeded in arranging, or rather perfecting, a system of costume in which every thing is decorous, chaste, and noble. He despised the vulgar sycophancy which, at the expense of decency, sacrificed its own opinions and instincts to the loose tastes of its patrons. In him nothing is intended to assault the soul through the eye—there is nothing vulgar or meretricious: every touch of that magic brush awakens feelings of reverence, accompanied by the deepest admiration. Looking at the costume *per se*, Jones hardly knows what it is that captivates his fancy. He takes a lady, and finds that her wardrobe, if properly inventoried, would stand thus:—first, the head-dress, a castellated structure, which rises in a delicate slope from the forehead, and, through three or four interchanges of jewellery and feathers, ends in a tuft of something or another which he is incapable of describing. Sometimes the architectural features of the pile are compromised by a blue or saffron scarf wound around the base, and terminating in a fringed knot over the left ear. As for the *dress* itself, it "clave" to the figure like ordinary theatrical tights, as far as the *torso* was concerned; and below that the skirt (not inflated, by the way,) dropped in voluptuous folds, well calca-

lated to set off the rich gleam of the costly material of which it was composed, or was tucked up in loops and festoons, so as to display a gorgeous under-skirt of saffron or plum-coloured satin. The shoulders were high, the bosom low; and the sleeves, ending at the elbow, were trimmed with a double or quadruple ruffle of lace or cambric. Reynolds's style has an enormous advantage over all its predecessors. They made it their aim, as if intellect were inconsistent with loveliness, to dwarf the forehead, and thus depress the moral tone of the being. He, with that largeness of capacity and intuitive tendency towards truth which won for him the estimation of his greatest contemporaries, laboured to elevate the head, and develop the intellectual life of his subject. The Germans are very eloquent and very verbose, by the way, on the æsthetic principles of dress; but not one of them has projected, even in theory, an atom of an improvement in which he had not been anticipated by the English master. The great misfortune of the early portrait painters was that, in covering the head with a pyramid of finery, they absolutely united the latter with the former in such a way, that it is hard to guess where the natural leaves off and the artificial is put on. Reynolds drew the line with a bold but delicate hand, and abolished, Jones hopes for ever, the reign of such monstrosities as ladies with sugar-loaf heads plentifully besprinkled with handsome confectionary. Let us hear what a capital authority remarks on this subject. Writing of the high head-dress he says: "It is the *idea* of elevation in the part where by nature it is most noble which conveys the highest and finest impression of mental dignity. A woman thus costumed looks a high-priestess dedicated to noble things. This is more especially the case when it is the hair itself which gives this height to the head. For of all the weapons of beauty which a woman possesses, for good or evil, it is her hair in which lies most of the expression of either. It is the head with loose, wandering tresses, more than any other feature of the costume, which, from the days of the syrens of mythology to those of Lely's gallery, has most undeniably revealed the Dalilah. Gather them up or conceal them under a hood, and the woman is changed. On this account very long, loose, flowing hair is only suitable for children or young girls. The moment the face is hidden or covered in any way by the hair, head and head-dress become one, and the impression left is no longer of a head carrying its load with ease or freedom, but of one overpowered beneath it. This rule does not apply when such a cap or coiffure is seen on a child, as in Sir Joshua's picture of little Lady Caroline Clinton feeding her cocks and hens; for children, by nature, have large heads, and the intellectual expression produced by the bare forehead and face is out of character with them."

Dress continued to be modelled on Reynolds's "projection" until 1855, when hoops (thank goodness) were again revived under the highest auspices. If any indignant male, after reading the foregoing luminous and beautiful essay, should hesitate to deny that woman was the original fountain of pure taste and the foundress of architecture, Jones has already published his address in these pages, and would be obliged by an early morning visit.

REVIEW.

TESTIMONIES TO THE MOST HIGH.*

THE author of this pleasant and edifying volume, already well known by his labours in the field of moral literature, has attempted to provide in it some counterpoise to the efforts made to endanger religion, by promoting a spirit of infidelity amongst the middle and lower classes of these kingdoms. That such efforts have, unfortunately, succeeded too well for their promoters, need not be urged upon anyone acquainted with the social condition of the secondary and tertiary strata of English life. In both layers, and they are broad and deep, the spicula of a demoralizing doubtfulness in revealed truth are lamentably apparent. To attribute this unhappy fact to lack of "spiritual attention" would be an unpardonable mistake. Churches abound, nor are preachers silent, as any one may convince himself, say by a visit to Hyde Park, Battersea Slough, or Clapham Common, where every second tree is converted into a pulpit for the accommodation of the pious orator of the hour. It has been suggested that, notwithstanding his eloquence and enthusiasm, the orator does less good than harm, that he exposes religion to contempt, and frequently obtrudes it with a sufficient amount of offensiveness to disgust his hearers. Side by side with him, it is not unusual to find an orator of a different class and larger audience. The latter is an emissary of the Infidel Societies, which have established no unimportant organization over the country. His aim is to shake his hearers' faith in the Fall and the Redemption, to prove that Christianity is a trade got up for the benefit of its professed ministers, and therefore, worthy rejection at the hands of "the intelligent and respectable people," whom he has the honour of addressing. Strange to say, whilst the "pious" preacher generally exhorts slender congregations, addicted to "chaff" and inattention, the infidel is sure to have a crowd of hearers fascinated by the daring and novelty of his discourse. The machinery of God's universe supplies him with the most specious arguments for the non-existence of its Creator. He has Voltaire, Hume, and Paine at his fingers' end; but his last and most dangerous resources are found in the wonderful harmony of wisdom and goodness which the Almighty architect has spread around us. Arguments of this sort multiply daily; they teem in every new discovery, as geology, in its infancy, furnished proofs of "Biblical mendacity." "It is a holy and a wholesome thought" of any man, gifted with the powers of which the writer of this volume has given unquestionable proofs, to take the side of nature

* *Testimonies to the Most High, drawn from the books of Nature and Revelation, by the author of "Sunday Evenings at Home."* Dublin and London: JAMES DUFFY.

for God against the systemists of nature against God, and to read in the variety and inexhaustibleness of his works, the highest "testimony" to his all-seeing power. It is hard to pick out of the mass of Christian erudition with which this volume abounds, a portion, illustrative of the general character of its contents; but we cannot help placing before our readers, as a sample of the whole, this felicitous extract:

"Not unlike Columbus, an entomologist, with a powerful lens, may discover an island-population in a drop of water, or a new world in a crumb of cheese! According to Lowenbock, there are insects so diminutive that twenty-seven millions of them may be grouped on a pin's head! Ehrenberg also asserts that millions of the *infusoria* tribe together do not exceed a grain in bulk; and that, side by side, a thousand of them may swim through the eye of a needle! Millions of atom shells have been discovered in a cubic inch of silex! Naturalists likewise assure us that mountain chains, and other parts of the earth's surface, have been formed by insects! The leaves of plants and flowers feed numerous colonies. On the stem of the rose, as well as on the bean-stalk, groups of tiny commonwealths are discernible. Insects have been detected in vapour and smoke, it is said, as well as in more solid materials. Hitherto unsuspected empires have recently been made known by microscopic explorers. As was before observed, there is authority for asserting the existence of animalcules many thousand degrees less than a mite! The powdered bloom of a peach skin is supposed to be formed by variegated insects, with such delicacy of tint, no mosaic work may compare. While representing in colours the graceful elegance of some insects on the wing, do not a skilled painter's most elaborate efforts fall far short of the mark? The atmosphere we breathe swarms with organic beings; and the marvel is worth repeating, that each well-nigh imperceptible atom has eyes, mouth, stomach, and organs adapted to the usual functions of life. Forest and garden foliage teem, also, with animated creatures. Myriads of insects are born, live, and die, in the trunks and branches of trees, and in other substances; lynx-eyed investigators tell us that even the hardest flints, pebbles, and stones have living inhabitants. Of their economy, however, but little, if anything, is known. If we refer to those with which naturalists are more acquainted, it may be remarked how ephemeral is the existence of some flying species, whose life extends not beyond a summer's day! Some *infusoria* are said to go through all the phases of existence in fifteen minutes! Who has not witnessed emigrants from the green hedges gaily dancing out their brief holiday of sunshine, to the music of their own wings? Such evanescent pleasures may suggest to mortal men how transient are the joys of their own fleeting lives. It is conjectured that sea-water is an element composed of animalcula. The medusæ, or water butterflies, float in shoals, covering an expanse of many leagues. By flapping their tiny wings, these diminutive creatures decompose the rays of light. Glittering, with all the hues of the rainbow in the distance, they appear like animated diamonds. These, as well as other phenomena, give evidence that, 'whatsoever the Lord pleaseth He hath done in heaven, in earth, in the sea, and in all the depths.' (Ps. cxxxiv.) The Ocean, which covers seven-tenths of the globe, is a huge nursery of 'creeping things without number—creatures little and great.' By experiments recently made, organic beings have been found at a depth of two miles from the sea surface. The caverns, mountains, and plains of the vasty deep, are cradles and tombs of myriads continually exchanging life for death! Of ocean's gigantic inhabitants, mention has been already made; but the whale's malthusian plan of decreasing its own cutaneous population was not before stated. To get rid of tormenting vermin, the leviathan monarch of the deep occasionally rises to the surface. Here he quietly remains until the sea-birds, that speedily alight upon his back, have glutted themselves with his enemies. At length, his unconscious friends depart; and then the colossus sinks, relieved, if not altogether freed, from his

tiny foes. If the land has its multipede and biped road-sweepers, and dust-men, the ocean's Ruler has also provided it with efficient surveyors, nuisance-inspectors, and offal-scavengers. The shell-tenant of ocean, like the land-snail, carries with him a rent-free house. This portable dwelling—at first a cradle—grows with the occupant's growth until, enlarged to full dimensions, it becomes his coffin and his grave. According to Michélet: 'An insect called the drilus gets into the dwelling of a snail, when the latter returns from a food-seeking expedition, the intruder lives upon his host, and contrives, in about a fortnight, to eat him out of house and home!' In the animal series of creation, even the sponge has its office. Contemptible and yielding as it is in appearance, the sponge, nevertheless, can dismantle solid rocks, and thereby make their ruin useful, in Nature's economy, for other purposes. The pores of the sponge also serve as the dwellings of numerous polypi. The last-named species of animal is endowed with so great a faculty for reproduction, that, when divided into a dozen or more pieces, each separate portion becomes a new, perfect, living creature! Naturalists assure us that a plumed species of *polypi* among seaweeds, is the habitation of a colony as populous as Paris or London. Hence, a poetic philosopher exclaims—

" 'In the wide-spread circle of creation,
Not an atom can be spared,
From earth's magnetic zone, to the
Bindweed round a hawthorn.
And, perchance, the universe would
Die, were not all things as they are.' "

"The study of creation helps candid inquirers to prepare for the change that awaits us all. Natural wonders and revealed truths combine to elevate our thoughts to an all-provident Ruler, and to look hopefully forward to a union with Him, in a world without end. In conclusion,

" 'Almighty Father, while we cling
To our crumbling hold, so soon to fall,
And be forgotten in that yawning gulf,
Which whelms all past, all present, all to come,
Oh, grant us wisdom of the soul
To gain a changeless heritage.' "

The writer of the "Testimonies" has performed his work in a finished, scholarly manner. The book is creditable to the Irish Church, and must prove of service in the battle which fundamental Christianity wages against "Conventional Scepticism."